



No. 186.—Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1896.

SIXPENCE.  
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MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. BARNETT, FALK STUDIOS, MELBOURNE.



## ENGLAND'S VICTORY.

It is a matter of serious comment that although the birth of a Prince, the death of a painter, the raid of a doctor, and other moving events of the day become immortalised in verse by the national poet, the history of cricket matches between England and Australia are left to the unromantic writers of newspaper prose. Of course, we do not mean to suggest that the privilege is abused; but at the same time, if poets of the modern school make it their business to write a periodical ode on current affairs, we cannot quite understand why a great cricket match like that between England and Australia at the Oval should be left out in the cold. That England should have beaten Australia by 66 runs on a wicket which at no period flattered the hopes of batsmen is an event of more than usual importance. It has been said that the match was won on the first day's play, when England made 69 for one wicket; but that view is by no means a comprehensive

Trumble's half-dozen wickets for thirty would be beaten by 7 runs. That, however, was the result of the great bowling match on Wednesday, and the Yorkshireman actually took six of the Colonial wickets for 23. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that Hearne was the bowler who started the demoralisation of the Colonial team, for not only did he capture six wickets for 41 runs in the first innings, but he at once dismissed three great batsmen, Messrs. Darling, Iredale, and Giffen, in five maiden overs! The batting heroes of England can be easily distinguished. W. G. Grace showed more facility for generalship than batting, especially towards the close; and this brings us to the consideration of Mr. F. S. Jackson and Abel. The Yorkshire amateur can make runs on almost any wicket, and his 45 in the first innings was a marvellous performance. Abel, however, was in no way behind the amateur, and it is a rather curious circumstance that the Surrey man's 26 and 21 not only coincided with Mr. Jackson's totals of 45 and 2, but also represented the top score of 47 made by Mr. Darling in this the rubber game. Mr. MacLaren's 20 in the first innings will long be

W. Hearn (Umpire).

Hayward.

Lilley.

Richardson.

J. T. Hearne.



A. C. MacLaren.

K. S. Ranjitsinhji.  
Abel.

W. G. Grace

F. S. Jackson.

Peel.

Captain Wynyard.

THE ALL-ENGLAND ELEVEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAWKINS AND CO., BRIGHTON.

one, nor does it give to the home team the credit which it deserves. It is obvious that the Australian batting showed itself inferior by comparison when each side had completed an innings. On Tuesday England completed her first innings of 145—that is to say, the remaining nine wickets added but 76 runs to the total. This was bad enough, in all conscience, but see what happened to Australia. Messrs. Darling and Iredale commenced in wonderful style. They rose superior to all the difficulties of the wicket, by reason of the reckless game they played, and actually put on 75 before Iredale was run out. Thus the Colonials had gone six runs better than England, and the crowd naturally thought that the example would be copied in some degree by the rest of the team. But, as we know, the last nine wickets actually went down for the addition of 43 runs, Giffen showing the way to disaster when he was clean bowled by Hearne for a "duck." The remaining half of the match was, to a great extent, a trial of skill between the English and Australian bowlers, and it is now a matter of history that England won in this department of the game a most brilliant victory. Peel has a great reputation on a treacherous wicket, but few imagined that

remembered for that glorious hit which landed the ball on the roof of the pavilion, and hoisted the English century. Prince Ranjitsinhji, in spite of his comparative failure, bore a prominent part in the match, for it was he who by a wonderful bit of fielding determined the Darling and Iredale partnership in the Australians' first innings. If we except McKibbin, who with 16 was the only man to reach double figures in the second innings, these two men were the only batsmen who deserve any comment. But, while the Colonials failed with the bat, it must be said that their fielding was quite equal to that of England. It was a sheer delight to see the men pick up and return the ball. What Australia would have done without Mr. Hugh Trumble it is hard to imagine; with Mr. Giffen, "the giant" is a familiar figure in this country, and if he never crossed the water again for the honour of Australia, his twelve wickets for 89 would be a crowning performance. No other man on the field took as many wickets, although Hearne's ten cost him only 60 runs. If one man among the twenty-two had a special distinction above his fellows it was surely Peel, who made a pair of spectacles. He retaliated by making some Australian spectacles.



## THE LATE SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

In one sense Sir John Everett Millais, long as he had lived and painted and been popular, untimely died. He had grasped the chief laurel of his profession only in time to see his own hand wither. It felt like a dream, he said in his characteristic way, to be President of the Royal Academy—a post that came to him as a surprise from Leighton, a younger man, whom he never expected to outlive. He had taken Leighton's place temporarily at last year's Academy Banquet; and for that brief evening he was more of a President than ever he was after he had been elected to the chair. For, when he walked up St. Paul's in the memorable procession which followed the coffin of Lord Leighton, the hand of death was already on him. A visit to Burlington House on varnishing day, and another on the day of the royal private view, when he looked white and bent, and already spoke only in a whisper—these were his only appearances, so to say, as the head of the Academy. Then it began to be widely known that Sir John Millais lay slowly dying of cancer in the throat. Not the greatest skill or solicitude could do more than mournfully delay the end; and the most popular painter of his day passed quietly hence on the afternoon of Thursday, Aug. 13, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Born in Southampton, the "English Velasquez," as some called him, spent his early years in his father's native Jersey, and, after a brief residence in Dinan, settled in Gower Street. Near at hand lived Mr. Sass, under whom the boy began his art-studies. At the age of nine he won a silver medal from the Society of Arts; and when the Duke of Sussex handed it to him and asked in surprise at the winner's youth what he would like, the answer came, "Leave to fish in the Round Pond." So, at least, says a legend which perhaps owes its origin to Millais' devotion to that pastime in later life. At eleven years of age the boy became a student at the Academy, the youngest ever known. Seven years later he won the Academy's gold medal for a picture showing "The Young Men of the Tribe of Benjamin seizing their Brides," and in the same year he began to exhibit at the Academy and elsewhere. Some clue to his experiences during the student period of his life may be gathered from the letter he wrote in advanced years in reply to a man who sent him some futile query about "genius." Millais said, "I have no belief in what is called genius as generally understood. Natural aptitude I do believe in, but it is absolutely worthless without intense study and continuous labour."

These he himself gave ungrudgingly, and he had not long to wait for his reward. In 1848 he did the most salient act of his life—he allied himself with the Rossettis, Woolner, Coventry Patmore, Collinson, Holman Hunt, F. G. Stephens, and others, in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In that period he produced, before he was twenty, his



SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.—BY HIMSELF.

"Isabella," in illustration of Keats' poem; and, a little later, his "Woodman's Daughter," in illustration of some lines by Patmore; his

"Carpenter's Shop," his "Huguenot," his "Ophelia," and his portrait of Ruskin, who valiantly defended the Brotherhood, but who, from one cause and another, lost interest in Millais as time went on. Henceforth indeed, Millais himself went his own way. In 1853 he was elected A.R.A., and he married Miss Euphemia Gray, who has borne him sons and daughters, and who survives him. A transition period in his painting followed; and then, at the end of the 'fifties, he adopted the style by which he has ever since been familiar. One needs only to name "The Black Brunswicker," "My First Sermon," "The Eve of St. Agnes" (painted in 1863, the year of his election as R.A.), the "Souvenir of Velasquez" (now in the Diploma Gallery), "Chill October," "Hearts are Trumps," "Scotch Firs," "The North-West Passage," "Effie Deans," and "A Jersey Lily"—and instantly one is crowded with memories of the most popular of the pictures of their years. Of his portraits, those of Tennyson and Cardinal Newman are the most memorable. Unfortunately, Lord Beaconsfield's was not completed from sittings. Great wealth and honour came to the man who painted these pictures and a multitude of others akin to them. No artist in our time has made so large a yearly income over so long a range of years. Nor was this his only reward. Oxford made him a D.C.L., France an officer of the Legion of Honour, the Queen a baronet, and the Academicians their President by a unanimous vote—not often accorded in the council chamber at Burlington House.

Miss Bright (Mrs. Cash). Mr. John Bright.

Miss Millais. Sir John Millais.



A GROUP OF VISITORS AT DALGUIDE HOUSE, PERTSHIRE.

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## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

Many worthy people have busied themselves with suggesting the most suitable celebration of the Queen's reign of sixty years. To one citizen it seems that we cannot signify our gratitude for this spacious sway more impressively than by abolishing the income-tax. Another is inflamed with patriotic zeal for piling up taxation. Let every great industrial centre, he says, subscribe the cost of a new ironclad. Do the ratepayers of Birmingham or Liverpool crave to saddle themselves with the trifling burden of half a million? Can it be that the patriot in this case is a shrewd oracle in some rural district, who thinks that if the great industrial centres have to bear the expense of increasing the Navy, other contributions to the Naval Estimates may be lightened in proportion? With the gentleman who would lay the income-tax at the foot of the Throne I have not a little sympathy. A very picturesque ceremony might be made out of this idea. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, bearing an embroidered cushion on which reposed several coins—a sovereign, a sixpence, and two pennies—would deposit this at her Majesty's feet, saying, "Most Gracious Lady, as a crowning tribute to the beneficence of your Majesty's reign, I hereby resign for ever the right of the Exchequer to levy the sum of eightpence in the pound, or any other vulgar fraction, upon the incomes of your Majesty's lieges." This, you understand, would happen in the middle of Hyde Park, and the Queen, taking up the coins, would address these noble words to a herald in a gorgeous uniform: "Throw these to our loyal subjects, in token of our decree that a hateful impost is this day for ever abolished in the land." After a fitting blast of trumpets, the herald would cast the aforesaid sovereign, sixpence, and two pennies among the rejoicing multitude; and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would return thoughtfully to Whitehall to ponder expedients for making up a considerable deficiency of revenue.

Now, I have made it my business to collect opinions on the subject of this celebration. There is a friend of mine who discharges the useful function of social lamplighter—that is to say, he kindly illuminates the shades of night in Piccadilly with a white waistcoat. I put to him the question, "What do you consider the most notable aspect of the Victorian era?" Without a moment's hesitation he replied, "Why, the rise of the British barmaid. What would life be without her? Where should I spend my evenings, eh? I tell you what, old man, you're interviewing me—oh, yes, you are! I'm fly, I am! But I don't mind your saying that next Queen's birthday all the boys will make a demonstration in all the bars. I've organised the whole thing myself—yes, I've the head for that work, a phrenologist fellow told me so; and next Queen's Birthday you'll see me, just when it strikes twelve, and Tilly orders herself the usual brandy-and-soda at my expense without asking me—oh, she's *chic*, Tilly is!—you'll see me whip a bouquet out of my sleeve. Yes, and at the same moment all the Johnnies will be doing the same, by Jove, all over town!" "Very good," I said; "but let us be exact. Will this national ceremonial take place at noon or midnight?" He stared. "What mugs you interviewers are! Noon! Good Lord! I must tell this at the club!"

The next witness was no less a person than Li Hung Chang. We met by appointment in the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's, where he arrived in such excellent spirits, having successfully counted the steps all the way up, that he promptly offered me a pipe, to the grievous alarm of the Dean and Chapter. "I know your paper," said the genial Oriental, beaming through his spectacles. "You catch the dogs and tell stories. In my country there was a puppy once——" He paused, and smacked his lips, as if in remembrance of some toothsome dish. I explained that he had mixed up the *Spectator* with the cookery book. "The *Sketch* is the journal for which I have the honour to solicit your Excellency's judgment on the proper mode of celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of her Majesty's reign." "How much do you make by this?" he inquired abruptly. In some confusion I mentioned the imposing figures. "You come to China," said the Viceroy, "and I give you twice as much. Pigtail, too, and plenty story—dogs." Here the Chapter, rather jealous as it seemed to me, interposed with a laborious account of the Whispering Gallery. The old Chinaman's eyes gleamed, and he gave my ribs an affable nudge. At this evidence of partiality the Dean became bilious with envy. "You whisper me," said Li. "I will tell you how many steps, one, two, three." He did, going through all the numerals, a process which took some time, and drove the Chapter mad with impatience. "Will your Excellency answer my question about the

celebration of the Queen's reign?" I asked, with my nose against the gallery wall. Then came this astonishing reply: "Yes, let great Queen send you Pekin—happy and glorious!"

Somewhat shaken by this remarkable compliment, I encountered Judson. "My boy," said that astute observer of men and affairs, "take my word for it, the most striking phenomenon of the Queen's reign is the evolution of Gladstone from theology to dramatic criticism. His politics, you know, were just horrible. I don't take much interest in Parliament, and that kind of thing. The theatre is quite enough occupation for an average intelligence——" "Average, my dear Judson! Yours is most abnormal." "Thanks, but if you don't mind, we'll drop the trowel. I say that in politics Gladstone always seemed to be holy-stoning his own righteousness with fragments of the Constitution." "Very neat, Judson; that epigram will make this interview sparkle." "It isn't mine, dear boy," he said. "It's Ada's. If I had collected all Ada Sonning's epigrams, and distributed them among the playwrights, English comedy wouldn't be at its present low ebb. Well, as for Gladstone's theology, I couldn't stand his Butler; I'd rather read the advertisements in the *Era*; but, as Ada said yesterday, when she read his letter on the religious drama, it is better to be a theologian who appreciates dramatic artists than a pagan critic who doesn't!"

"Ah! I suspect that the fair Ada is contemplating some enterprise that shall confound the pagans." "You are right," said Judson impressively. "She has a splendid idea for a religious piece. You remember the Jewish lady who hammers a tent-peg into the head of the villain when he is asleep? What a scene for the third act! Jael? Yes, that's her name. Why, sir, as Jael, Ada would make the biggest hit of her life. Can't you see her giving Ahab—no, Sisera?—thanks, that's his name—can't you see her giving him the bottle of milk that sends him gently off? Think of her eyes as she stands over his sleeping form with the tent-peg!—Oh, it was a nail, was it? I thought you always used pegs in tents—as she stands over him, I say, with the uplifted hammer, a picture of poetic justice and religious enthusiasm! What a curtain, by George!" "Most impressive," I said, "though I fear the Christian spirit is just a little shadowy." "Ah! but that's why Gladstone's theology will be so useful." "My dear Judson, what do you mean?" "I have written to Gladstone to suggest that he should collaborate with Ada in a drama on that subject, and throw in the necessary symbolism to make it square with modern sentiment. Don't you see that such a play would be the most tremendous thing in the whole Victorian era?" "Judson," I remarked, after a pause, "you are sublime." "Yes," he said abstractedly, "and with a good leading man as Sisera, the piece ought to run a year!"

Even these wonders would be surpassed if M. Maeterlinck's theory of evolution could be classed among the practical achievements of our age. Maupassant, in a nightmare, imagined a human being who had cast off his muddy vesture and become invisible to the normal eye. Maeterlinck leaves us our common clay, but predicts that character and motive will become transparent. There will be no more disguises, no more "sly, insinuating Jacks," to use Gloster's amiable definition of men who thwarted him. When a man has done wrong he will carry it in his face for all his neighbours to behold. When he is about to pay a morning call his friends will know, by the pricking of their thumbs, that something wicked is on the threshold. There will be no occupation for detectives, and no field for diplomatists. The noble army of solicitors and barristers will be penniless, for who will engage a legal adviser when his affair is much plainer to all the world than a pikestaff? And who will brief a noted cross-examiner when the witnesses bear truth or falsehood in the largest capitals on their speaking features? M. Maeterlinck expends much subtle musing and delightful rhetoric on this thesis, without perceiving that were such horrible clearness of vision possible, the world would get up quietly one fine morning and cut its throat.

Life is tolerable only so long as we do not really know what anybody means. Here I may say to a friendly correspondent at Harrogate that Shakspeare's anticipation in his Sonnets of immortality for his monumental tribute to a mysterious friend is no prediction of immortality for his plays. The virtues of the friend were to live for ever; but for what might happen to Lear, Hamlet, Othello, the poet does not appear to have cared.

## TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fourteen (from April 29 to July 22) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is expected to leave for Balmoral the last week of this month. The gifts which Li Hung Chang brought to this country for presentation to her Majesty include some very fine specimens of Chinese workmanship, and one bowl is said to be almost without its equal for beautiful colouring. He makes the presentation on behalf of the Emperor of China, but some of the offerings come from himself personally.

The late Lady Tennyson played a great though hidden part in her husband's life and work. In the dedication appended to Enoch Arden he addressed her as—

Dear, near, and true, no truer Time himself  
Can prove you, though he make you ever more  
Dearer and nearer . . . .

Tennyson first met Miss Emily Selwood, a niece of Sir John Franklin, at Somersby, and she was described by Thomas Carlyle at the time of the wedding as "possessing bright, glittering blue eyes, gleaming when you speak to her with wit and sense; and were it not that she seems so very delicate in health, good might be argued of Tennyson's venture." And, although the gloomy philosopher's forebodings proved only too true, for Lady Tennyson remained exceptionally frail in appearance and delicate in health, good certainly came of the poet's venture, and his wife realised to a rare extent her husband's ideal—

My wife, my life. Oh, we will walk this world  
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,  
And so through those dark gates across the wild  
That no man knows.

Charles Tennyson, the Laureate's much-loved brother, also married a Miss Selwood, and another sister of Lady Tennyson, Mrs. Wold, was among the gifted group of men and women who made up the Laureate's home circle.

Lady Tennyson seems to have caught something of her husband's gift. Many verses from her pen are to be found in Professor Palgrave's "Treasury of Sacred Song," and she wrote a number of hymns for the use of the inmates of the Gordon Boys' Home, an institution in which both she and Lord Tennyson took the deepest interest. There is little doubt, however, that her real power lay in music, and had she possessed the health and leisure to do so, she might have become a popular composer. All the songs scattered through Tennyson's works were set to music by his wife, and she composed an accompaniment to the last lines he ever wrote. At all times, even through the years when she was a confirmed invalid, Lady Tennyson took much of the poet's correspondence off his hands, and, sympathising with his dread and dislike of strangers and of impertinent curiosity, she endeavoured to shield him in every way that lay in her power, and she was always ready to take her share in the burden of his fame.

Though Regent Street has lost the church at its northern end, a place of worship yet remains in that fashionable thoroughfare. This is St. Philip's, situated almost at the other extremity of the street, and nearly opposite what was once the Gallery of Illustration, the early home of the German Reeds. St. Philip's, which was built at about the same period as the fast-disappearing Hanover Chapel, has not, with its painted outside walls and unpretentious design, any claim to the architectural beauties of its neighbour, though the pepper-castor-looking erection on the top is supposed to be a copy of the lantern of Demosthenes at Athens. St. Philip's has, however an attractiveness of its own; it is open all day long for "rest, meditation, and prayer," and while I indulged in the two former within its doors, some days since, more than one working-man stole reverently in, seated himself, and rested awhile. This practice of inviting wayfarers might be more extensively followed by other churches. There is little of either beauty or interest in St. Philip's. The outside paint to which I have referred is frankly hideous; the coloured-glass windows are somewhat glaring in colour, with one or two exceptions—one of them being a charming representation of the Nativity in low tones; a memorial window this to the wife of the late Mr. Graves, the well-known print-seller, of Pall Mall. For the rest, there are a couple of mural tablets to the memory of long-departed officers; but the place has a delightful quiet and repose, which is most refreshing when contrasted with the noise and bustle of the smart and busy street in which it stands.

I am glad to observe symptoms of common sense in Mrs. Chant. She has written songs, and she would like them to be sung on the music-hall stage. She would not object to this performance even at the Empire, in spite of the wicked promenade. No doubt Mrs. Chant believes her compositions would leaven the whole entertainment with virtue, and send away the promenaders in the full bloom of repentance. On the other hand, they might be disposed to regard the latest development of Mrs. Chant as a backsliding from her moral delirium. Any way, let us have her songs, and if she can be persuaded to sing them herself at the Empire, the popular joy will be complete.

No one with any knowledge of the world has ever attributed much practical benefit to the distribution of tracts. The Bishop of Liverpool, however, still believes in it, when the tracts are written by himself. He drives about Lowestoft, dropping these effusions by the way. This

combination of holiday-making and good works is doubtless highly gratifying to the most reverend mind, but I fear it does not enhance the moral weight of the episcopacy. Most people will regard it as a peculiarly undignified method of advertising. Suppose a mere secular author were to scatter an edition of a book in this fashion, what would be thought of his taste and judgment?

Cabby has a new grievance. The proprietors of certain hotels, anxious to minimise the distances of London, have issued inaccurate statements about the proximity of their establishments to certain places of public entertainment. The consequence is that visitors offer cabby less than his righteous fare, and he has to exercise that vocabulary of gentle reproof for which he is famous. Such is the distressful story from the "rank." What the hotel proprietors have to say I do not know; but I can imagine that they believe themselves to be the saviours of unsophisticated strangers from the wiles of cabmen. Who can have the courage (to say nothing of the impartiality) to pronounce judgment in such a case? For my part, I have a fervent belief in the honesty of cabby and in the rectitude and discretion of every hotel management, and any conflict of these elements of civilisation must spring from some obscure law of nature.

The great servant question has entered a new phase. It is seriously proposed that housewives who take a strong personal interest in the management of their homes, and are not above a little cooking on their own account, should dispense with female servants and employ boys. A couple of boys, it is said, can do more work than three or four "slaveys," and will cost much less, though their appetites are large. If this idea were adopted, many young women would be thrown out of employment; but I don't think there is any danger of such a calamity. Neat-handed Phyllis is not going to be supplanted by raw youths, all arms and legs, who will sprawl about the house, shocking every æsthetic sensibility by their ungainliness.

The latest victim of Mr. Mudie's *Index Expurgatorius* is Mr. J. Cameron Grant's "Torriba." After some hesitation, the circulators of fiction have come to the conclusion that Mr. Grant's book is "too owdacious," as Corporal Brewster said of the flies. Of course, the Mudie embargo will stimulate the sale of "Torriba." That is always the effect of the literary censorship in any form. Mr. Mudie ought really to write a book on this subject, explaining, among other things, how he separates the sheep from the goats, and especially how it is that an unmistakable goat is sometimes allowed to creep into the fold.

A regular contributor records a quaint anecdote anent Mr. James Payn, and an incident concerning the late Lady Burton. "When a novice in the art of writing," he says, "I had a tiresome trick of applying from time to time to well-known novelists and journalists for information on various points in connection with literature. Sir Walter Besant, Mr. W. E. Norris, the late Major Moray Brown, the late Lady Burton, and other famous writers were kindness exemplified, but several novelists of note objected extremely to being worried by a stranger, and small blame to them! Mr. James Payn was greatly put out, the more so because in the address written upon the envelope an *e* was inadvertently added to his name. His answer came by return. 'Sir,—I regret that I am too busy to answer questions put to me by strange gentlemen, especially gentlemen who know so little about me as to write my name with an *e*.—Yours, etc.' The name 'James Payne,' cut out of my letter, was pasted at the foot of the note. Lady Burton, whom I afterwards came to know intimately, told me once that she worked nearly twelve hours a day, and that she devoted one day in each week solely to answering letters and reading books sent to her by strangers. 'It seems so rude,' she said, 'not to answer letters, and so unkind not to try to help people, though certainly one does not receive many thanks or find that the majority of strangers are in the least grateful.'"

This is an era of adulteration. Few things are genuine, all things are cheap. An illustration of the prevalent decadence was supplied to me some days since by a man who vouched for the facts of his narrative. He says he knew the actors intimately. They were three common or garden flies resident in a London house, who, feeling the need of a holiday, went out to enjoy themselves. The eldest had charge of the other two, and was warned by the parents to be discreet. The flies flew along a crowded street and came to an open sweetstuff shop. "Good enough for me," said the youngest fly, and fixed himself on a mass of sweetmeat. A minute later he was as dead as Theosophy, the sweet was adulterated to so terrible an extent. Sad and sick at heart the survivors passed along until they reached a butter shop. "That will suit me down to the ground and up to the sky," remarked the younger survivor, and jumped on to some real fresh home-made concoction. Five minutes after he was knocking at the gates of Paradise—the butter was doctored to death. The surviving fly, eldest of the family, caretaker and adviser, was terror-stricken. "Woe is me!" he moaned. "I am undone, and will seek Nirvana." Just then a man came round the corner crying "Catch 'em alive, O!" He had a moist, shiny paper all round his hat. "Now will I fare to Acheron," moaned the fly, and went straight to his death. But the paper and the stuff smeared on it were so adulterated that *pallida Mors* could not get a look in. Thereupon the fly dried his tears, returned home, became a philosopher, and told his story to my informant. Verily truth is strange, stranger than fiction.



I overheard a quaint instance of "English as she is spoke" in an old bookshop the other day. Enter an intelligent foreigner: "Good morning, Mees. 'Ave you an *antique exemplaire* of 'Three Men in a Boat'?" It was only with difficulty that the girl made out that her customer merely wanted a *secondhand copy* of Jerome's popular book.

There is something quaint and touching in the sight of a group of baby lion cubs being fed out of feeding-bottles, their soft, round faces and still sightless eyes nosing about for the warm hand of their human nurse. Hamlet, Ophelia, and Romeo were born at the Aquarium on Aug. 6, and, owing to their unnatural mother's rabbit-like propensities, are being brought up there entirely by hand. "Countess X.," the plucky Frenchwoman who has justly earned the title of the feminine Bidel, is immensely proud of her "nursery." She has already reared one lion litter, quite a feat in zoological annals, and she hopes to be equally successful this time. Every care is taken of the tiny occupants of this leonine crèche. They are fed every four hours on a mixture consisting of half fresh milk and half the mineral water, eau de Vichy. Hamlet is so far the liveliest of the cubs, but all three kitten-like creatures tumble over one another when the feeding-bottle is anywhere near. Countess X.

The other day I gave a picture of some Armada guns which had been discovered at Bideford. Apropos of this, that enthusiastic Scot Lord Archibald Campbell sends me a description of some similar guns which were found off the coast of Ayr. For a long time they remained neglected and more than half-buried at the back of a boat-shed at Greenock. Still they were regarded with a certain amount of respect by the old inhabitants, for tradition said that the guns came from one of those stately galleons of "that great fleet invincible," one perhaps of "Castile's black fleet," wrecked in the Sound of Mull. Tradition, however, is not always a safe guide; but in this case there is something more to go upon, for the United Service Institute have declared that the guns are of sixteenth century workmanship, and this is borne out also by the placing of the trunnions and the details of the measurements. The guns are now reposing in honour and safety at Inverary Castle. It is curious that the shot which appears at or near the muzzle cannot now be extracted. It is to be hoped that the unearthing of these and the Bideford guns will lead to the discovery of other forgotten Armada relics.

One of the little birds whose habitat is the club smoking-room has been telling me a good story concerning a benevolent and well-meaning



THE LIONESSE AND HER CUBS AT THE AQUARIUM.  
DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN WHEN THE LITTER WAS THREE DAYS OLD.

is the proud owner of four full-grown lions and lionesses, but she still mourns a splendid lion, who found death in the chilly purloins of Olympia. Unlike most trainers, Madame, who is a sparkling dark-eyed "Provençale," never makes use of the whip. She believes in kindness, and so far her theories have been justified.

The pretty Sisters Abbott have just concluded a highly successful engagement in town, and will return to London next year after a season with Charles Frohman in America. They have had a very good time in town, and enjoyed the honour of appearing before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Lansdowne House in the early part of last month. Their Royal Highnesses congratulated the "waifs" upon their excellent singing, and expressed their pleasure with the performance. This is unusual but well-merited encouragement for two hard-working conscientious girls who have given a very pleasant entertainment, and one of such quality as we seldom get. The average singing-turn on our music-halls is chiefly noticeable for the poverty of its quality. The majority of the singing brother- and sisterhood of variety theatres rely upon an old-established name or a humour that passes the bounds of decency. To raise a laugh and obtain applause, no matter how, seems the aim and end of such efforts. If only on this account, the clean and clever performance of Jessie and Bessie Abbott deserves the praise I do not hesitate to give. I shall look forward with pleasure to their reappearance.

old gentleman, not unknown in the Metropolis, whose education has been neglected in the matter of aspirates. With his gold he is generous and discreet, with the magic letter "h" parsimonious and never circumspect. Some few years ago the city which Yankees call N'York claimed his company, and certain men of light and leading decided to invite him to a public dinner. That was good enough, and the benevolent one was, in racing phraseology, "a certain starter" for the great Dinner Stakes. It was only their invitation to respond to the toast of his own health that gave him pause. He could talk of his aspirations, but where would the aspirates come in? Here was a trying moment, such a one as may come at long intervals to the Editor of the *Times*, the Commander of the Channel Squadron, Kaiser Wilhelm, or General Booth, and expects to find them prepared. The philanthropist rose to the occasion. "Gentlemen," he said, "I will do as you wish," and people who did not know imagined vain things. The great night came round, the dinner was a delight, and, amid a scene of great enthusiasm, the chairman proposed the guest of the evening. As the guest rose to reply and the applause rang through the hall, waiters were seen putting a small packet before each diner. To the astonishment to everybody, each packet contained small pieces of cardboard with the letter "H" printed upon them. "Gentlemen," said the hero of the hour, "before I begin, let me say I drop a lot of the letters you have before you. Please take them up and use them as your discretion suggests." Needless to add, the frank confession and quaint device brought down the house.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Cape Town (Councillor and Mrs. J. W. Attwell) are to be congratulated on the distinct success which they achieved on Thursday evening, July 23, when an event which has been anxiously looked forward to for several months by the younger generation of Cape Colony took place at the Good Hope Hall, Cape Town, to wit, the much-talked-of fancy-dress ball for children. Twice had the unique function been postponed—the first time owing to the absence of the Mayor and Mayoress at Pretoria in



THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF CAPE TOWN.

Photographs by Watson, Cape Town.

connection with the laudable movement which was attended with the happy result—the release of the Reform prisoners. The second postponement was necessitated by the awful calamity—the *Drummond Castle* disaster, the intelligence of which reached Cape Town within a few hours of the time announced for the opening of the ball. It is gratifying to note after these ominous portents that the function from beginning to end was a most conspicuous success. Over six hundred invitations were issued, and in response thereto some four hundred and fifty little ones, whose ages ranged from six up to fifteen years, came trooping into the hall punctually at seven o'clock p.m. and filed past the Mayor and Mayoress and the distinguished visitors invited to witness the interesting spectacle, including his Excellency the Administrator and the Misses Goodenough, and representatives of the naval, military, and civil circles. Prior to the opening procession Miss Kathleen Attwell, the Mayor's little daughter, accompanied by her younger brother, Master Bernard Attwell, presented bouquets of choice flowers to Lady Dawkins and Mrs. Rawson. The children's party was followed by a ball for which some five hundred invitations had been issued, and among the guests present were noticed his Excellency the Administrator, Lieut.-General Goodenough; Lady Dawkins, daughter of Lord Robinson; Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Premier of the Colony; Mrs. Rawson, lady of the Admiral commanding the station; Sir James and Lady Sivewright, and the *élite* of the Peninsula. The ball-room, which was effectively decorated for the occasion, was enlivened by the uniforms of the military and naval officers.

I have had sent me from Salisbury, Rhodesia, a photograph of a company of amateurs in "Caste," but as I have so often illustrated that subject I am unable to give it. However, it is interesting to learn that in spite of Matabele and rinderpest, and although the population has gone down from over seven hundred to under five hundred, these plucky amateurs were able to fill the Masonic Theatre of the town on two occasions, and the takings, which amounted to over a hundred pounds, were distributed between several charities.

The advertisements of another day are funny. In the *Western Gazette*, which we noticed in last week's issue, may be found the advertisement of

#### THE LIQUID-SHELL

Discovered by the learned and ingenious Baron SCHWANBERG, a nobleman of Mecklinburg, in Germany, who was well known to the Learned throughout Europe for his extensive knowledge in the most abstruse operations in Chymistry: which to Demonstration is proved to be DISSOLVENT for . . .

and here half the diseases under the sun are mentioned. The virtues of the "Cordial Cephalic Snuff" are set forth in terms so glowing that our present quack advertisers might take many a useful hint for their advertisements. Another curious advertisement is the following—

WANTED, in three weeks' time, where there is only a master, mistress, and a boy,  
A DECENT MAID SERVANT,

who can dress victuals well in a plain way, undertake dairying two or three cows next the house, and keep a small house clean—a person of sober and good character, who has had the small-pox, will have wages in proportion to abilities.

For further particulars enquire of Mr. John Vowell, Crewkerne.

Mr. H. Drummond writes me from Hetton-le-Hole as follows—

DEER SER,—I have just been reeding yur humorous deskripshon ov the speling epizoad. I woz glad yu sukumld, shoing that if yu ar not az kléver az Wellington or M. Thiers, and a hoast ov uther eminent men, yu ar, at leest, no wurs than thay wer in attempting tu ajust leterz tu the orthodox standard ov speling—and faild; on uther groundz mei plezhur woz inkreest az it shoald the nesesity ov a reform, for the manajer evidentli thaunt yu kud *not* spel korektli, adishonal

evidens ov the difkulti ov speling korektli. I taik it that this inabiliti tu spel iz not rair amung jentelmen ov the Pres; if the inabiliti iz jeneral, how must materz stand *jenerali* with thoaz hu hav not had the teim and oportuniti tu master uther langweiz than thair oan in order tu spel korektli? May I enlist yu on the seid ov Ser Eizak Pitman az an advokait ov Fonetik or reformd speling? Or may I sugest the adopshon ov Prof. Earle's advais—naimli, "Let aul men spel az thay laik?"

Now, though you may agree to Mr. Balfour's remarks, as noted in the pamphlets I have received on the "strainj art ov speling the English langweiz"; though, like Mr. Gladstone, you "kanot konseer how it iz that a forener lernz how tu pronouns English"; though you may support Lord Playfair's view of "our reched orthografik sistem," and Mr. Herbert Spencer's declaration that "the hoal sistem ov English spelin iz so ful ov absürditiz and kontradikshonz," there are difficulties in the way of every man spelling as he "leiks."

If orthographic art is quite  
A sort of necromancy  
Should everybody learn to write  
According to his fancy?  
Ah, then no need for Johnson dons  
To perpetrate their lexicons.

Methinks when every man aspires,  
Without an education,  
To spell according to his shire's  
Select pronunciation,  
The art of reading, hard to-day,  
Will turn his hapless fellows grey.

The coster's manuscript would try  
The hapless reader seeking  
To know when "s'y" was meant for sigh  
Or indicated speaking.  
It never, never would be clear  
When "air" meant thatch or atmosphere.

The Scotsman writing of a lad  
Would doubtless call him "leonie";  
But then you'd think the poor boy mad,  
Like spoony Annie Rooney.  
And when he wrote of "gang" for "go"  
You'd think he meant a "crowd," you know.

And Pat would spell a maiden "gurl,"  
And write of "Doblin" city;  
'Twould make the locks of purists curl,  
Although to others witty.  
He'd write of "Oireland," like enough,  
And funny orthographic stuff.

Ah, good "Ser Eizak," do not plunge  
In Babel's din our spelling;  
Use gently your reforming sponge,  
Though Bath may be your dwelling,  
Refrain from blocking every path,  
You energetic Knight of Bath!



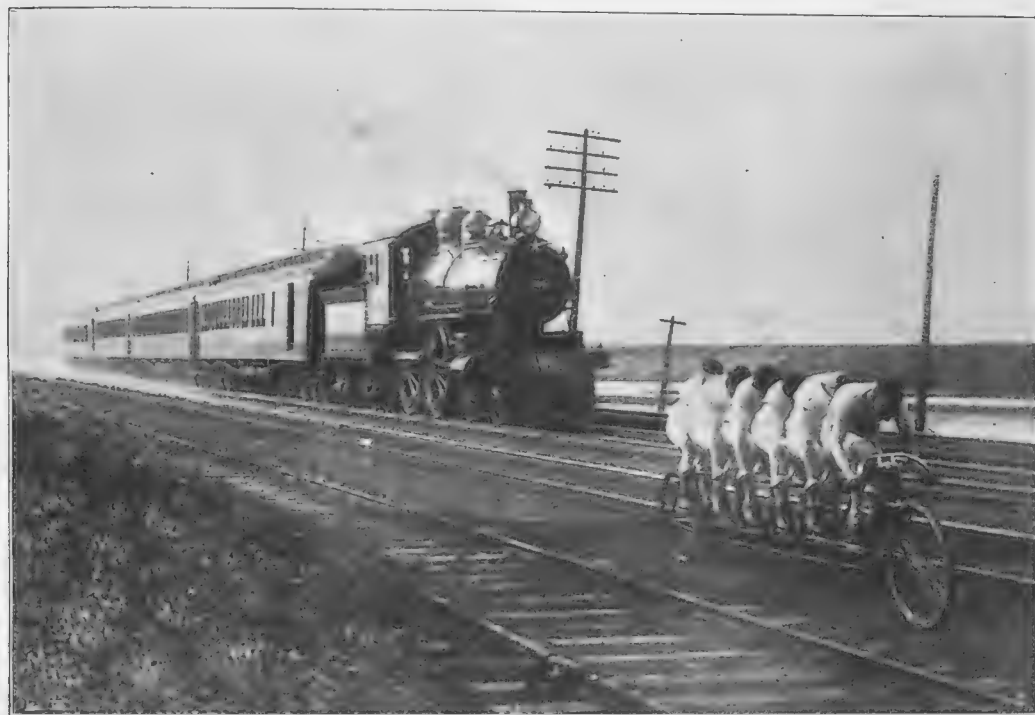
THE MAYOR OF CAPE TOWN'S CHILDREN.

Photo by Barnard, Cape Town.



One of the most unique contests that ever took place in the annals of railroading or cycling occurred at Syracuse, New York, on Tuesday, July 28. It was a race between a sextuplet cycle team and the famous Empire State express—the renowned train of the New York Central, which makes the run from New York to Buffalo, a distance of 440 miles, in eight hours and a quarter. The contest was between muscle and machinery, in which the former maintained the struggle for a short distance. The course was half a mile in length, just west of the city,

signification, and takes regard to the temperature of the language used. In all seriousness, the powers who rule at Eastbourne must consider the position, for the present water-supply is neither fit for washing nor drinking purposes. Steps are being taken, I am told; but the steps must be longer and quicker, or the patronage of a beautiful seaside place will sensibly diminish. And, as though to aggravate the serious position of the town, the orchestra in Devonshire Park played the "Tannhäuser" overture a few nights back. It was a marvellous performance, like nothing I ever heard before, and nothing I ever hope to hear again.



RACE BETWEEN A FAST EXPRESS AND A SEXTUPLET  
Photo by A. P. Yates, Syracuse, New York.

where the New York Central has four tracks, and, in addition, is paralleled by the two tracks of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Weston. The space between the tracks had been specially prepared for the occasion, the railway officials being extremely anxious to enter into the spirit of the occasion. The men on the sextuplet had been in training on the smooth track of a driving park for several days, and also on the near-by country roads. On the day set for the contest the railway company had men stationed along the track for a short distance with white flags in hand, and as the Empire express hove in sight around a distant curve the sextuplet was shoved off, and the men slowly got under headway, rapidly increasing their speed, however, until the locomotive came almost abreast of them, and then it was a brush for the half-mile which had been marked off. Then the six daring riders bent every energy, and kept side by side with the train. As the home stake was reached, the train and cyclists parted company, the wheelmen well satisfied that they had been able to keep pace with one of the fastest trains in the world. It was stated that the wheelmen won by four lengths, but this is an exaggeration. The engineer and passengers of the train had been advised of the fact that a race was on, and there was much enthusiasm manifested. The race was viewed by a big crowd of spectators. The accompanying photo shows the position at the start, with the Empire going at fifty miles an hour. The details are so plain that there can be no doubt whatever as to the genuineness of the trial.

The East End of London has no monopoly of water trouble. At that pleasant seaside resort Eastbourne, a wicked young stream of salt water found its way to the main supply some time last year, and has now apparently taken up permanent residence. In consequence of this freak the drinking-water of Eastbourne has a taste that in itself justifies a breach of temperance principles. The flavour imparted to tea and other native-made beverages is something taking months to appreciate, and several of my friends have given up the task in disgust and betaken themselves to some place with an unpolluted water-supply. The majority of visitors suffer under protest; a wise minority buys its drinking-water from some of the wells outside the town. There is no question of unhealthiness about the mixture of fresh and salt water; the local doctors speak highly of it. So do the visitors, but in their case the word "highly" has a different

Writing of temperance reminds me of certain people who, in their way, do more to encourage drink than a teetotal lecturer. I refer to hotel waiters. They boycott the man who leaves wine and spirits alone. Only a few days ago, in a big provincial town, I saw a terrible example of this. Having to depart by a rather early evening train, I went into the dining-room before six o'clock and began to justify my reputation. Five minutes later a large party of Americans came in and proceeded to a table. There were eight in all, three of the superior and the rest of the inferior sex. A grim phalanx of waiters stood ranged by the buffet; not a man stirred. The party about to dine became obviously nervous, and looked appealingly at these caricatures of well-dressed Englishmen. One and all they stared heavily, but took no further notice. The leader of these mutineers, short, fat, greasy, and with mutton-chop whiskers, smiled in gloomy disdain. One of the visitors called out "Waiter!"; not a man stirred. The position was becoming serious. I hesitated as to a course of action, and then the tourists' kind fate brought the manager on the scene. He instantly despatched two unwilling servitors, and then I beckoned my own particular attendant to my side. "Whence this thyness?" I remarked interrogatively. "Well, sir," said the fellow, in a tone of deepest

disgust, "nine mortal days this party's been 'ere, eatin' everything wot's pervided and never drinkin' nothin' but liced water." "What about tips?" was my next query. "Them as never drinks," said the man oracularly, "seldom gives anything away."

Among the numerous wedding presents to Princess Maud was a very handsome rose-wood chess-board and ivory Staunton chessmen, specially manufactured by the British Chess Company, and presented by members of the Ladies' Chess Club. It is generally known that her Majesty and several other members of the royal family are proficient in the game, and the remarkable development that has taken place in recent years in the number of chess-players and the increased standard of play is strikingly manifest in the great success that has attended the formation of the Ladies' Chess Club, whose numbers now exceed a hundred.



"WHERE IS THE NORTH POLE?"



"I'VE FOUND IT!"

Photos by Wayland, Streatham.

The Queen's Prize at Shoeburyness—the Bisley of our gunners—has fallen to the Royal Canadian Artillery, of which I give a pictorial group. As Lord Wolseley said in his interesting address, "The Canadians have indeed done well." They took Lord Londonderry's Challenge Cup, as well as the Queen's Prize. It would have been in the fitness of things if they had won the Governor-General of Canada's Cup, but they only missed it by a few points. It is pleasant to note that the feelings of



THE CANADIANS AND THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

Photo by H. R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

their comrades of the Old Country were generously expressed on the last evening of the meeting, when Colonel Cole, Captain Myles, and Sergeant Bridgefort were chaired in triumph round the camp, bearing the prizes that the Canadian team had won. Curiously enough, Colonel Cole is not only a Canadian himself, but the son of a Canadian officer of artillery, and the grandson of a British officer. The Earl of Stradbroke, as President of the Association, also paid many well-deserved compliments to the Canadian team, and assured them that in carrying back the Queen's Prize to Canada they also took with them the sincere congratulations of all the teams that competed against them.

I have often wondered whether the strange English names which appear in such variety in the pages of Victor Hugo's extraordinary, and in many parts most beautiful, romance of "L'Homme qui Rit" were seriously given to the world as historical, or whether they were not intended as a huge burlesque on the nomenclature of the children of perfidious Albion. I am, I confess, inclined to take the latter view, not that of the sneerers who quote this book as a specimen of the great Frenchman's colossal ignorance of England and the English. It was the Paris *Gil Blas* which recalled the matter to my mind by publishing a few days since a list of the English members of Parliament appointed on the Chartered Company Commission. Sir Milord William Hardcourt, Sir Michael Chicks Black, and Sir Hart-Dyki, will compare favourably with the most extravagant of the Hugo names, and about them there is, I think, no "possible probable shadow of doubt"—they are the French journalist's serious effort to be correct, and yet there is but one name spelt rightly in the whole collection, that of Sir Richard Webster. By the way, with regard to "L'Homme qui Rit," I am informed by my bookseller that in his experience it is not unusual for admirers of French literature to have Book VII., "La Titane," of this extraordinary work bound up alone, discarding the remainder of the novel.

The annual benefit excursion trip of Mr. A. R. Owen will take place with *La Marguerite* on Friday, upon which date she will, for this special occasion only, leave Greenwich Pier at 9; Blackwall, 9.15; Woolwich, 9.30; Gravesend Terrace Pier, 11.5; and Tilbury at 11.15 a.m. for Margate, leaving there upon the return journey at 4.45, arriving at Tilbury about 7.15, and Greenwich 9 p.m. At 2 p.m. *La Marguerite* will leave Margate for a sea-trip of two hours and a half round the Goodwin Sands and through the famous roadstead "The Downs."

Most people by the time they are in a position to celebrate their golden wedding, even if they have not exactly earned a Dunmow fitch, are content to spend the day in being congratulated by their friends. Not so Christian Almer, the great Alpine guide, and his excellent wife. Although Madame Almer is two years older than her husband, yet she gaily went with him right up the Wetterhorn to celebrate their fifty years' of married life. The ascent of the Wetterhorn is something of an exploit for a couple aged respectively seventy and seventy-two, especially when it is remembered that Almer had to have all the toes of one foot taken off because they were so terribly frost-bitten when he tried the Jungfrau in 1885. A really good guide is born, like a poet. Almer, in addition to more than ordinary pluck, enterprise, and doggedness, has the rare gift of divining, by merely looking at a peak or a pass, not only a way but actually the best and safest way up. The most signal proof of this is the fact that in all his years of work not a single serious accident has ever occurred to any member of any party in his charge. Once only, during an ascent of the Upper Grindelwald glacier, a bit of ice fell on him and broke a few of his ribs.

Almer began as a cheesemaker, and served in the Sonderbund War of 1847. He was a mighty chamois-hunter, and thus he early became familiar with the upper regions of snow and ice before mountaineering became fashionable. It is particularly interesting to note that Almer took part in the famous ascent of the Hasli Jungfrau, or outer peak of the Wetterhorn, made from Grindelwald on Sept. 17, 1854, by the present Mr. Justice Wills, because modern mountaineering may be said to date from that ascent. Almer and his brother-in-law, Ulrich Kaufmann, were the two chamois-hunters who, as Mr. Justice Wills describes in his book, followed up the trail of the party and overtook it on the Sattel. Balmat was furious with them, but on learning that their intentions were honourable, admitted them to the party, and Christian Almer planted a young fir-tree which he had brought with him on the summit of the mountain, next to Mr. Justice Wills's iron standard. This feat was the basis of Almer's great reputation as a guide. He made many other first ascents and hazardous exploits, the mere list



CHRISTIAN ALMER AND HIS WIFE.

Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

of which would occupy a large space. He was the trusted guide and companion of such men as Mr. R. Chapman, Mr. Eustace Anderson, Dr. S. Porges, Mr. C. Barrington, Mr. George, Mr. Macdonald, Dr. Hornby (the Provost of Eton), the Rev. T. H. Philpott, and many others. Perhaps Almer's most brilliant years were 1864 and 1865. It is curious that he parted from Mr. Whymper only a week before the terrible accident on the Matterhorn to fulfil an engagement with Dr. Hornby and Mr. Philpott. Almer has a place in the affections of all true lovers of the Alps, who value undaunted courage combined with a marvellous natural gift for mountaineering.

## PARCELS OF VICE.

For Life is sweet, but after Life is Death:  
This is the end of every man's desire.—SWINBURNE.

Each woman had chosen her Bundle of Life, and was ready to take her pilgrimage to Earth.

And the Gods waited and watched.

For every woman had yet to take a parcel; each must choose a Parcel of Virtue or of Vice.

And the Gods smiled, for lo! every woman chose a Parcel of Virtue, and there was not sufficient Virtue for all the women.

And they said, "Give us more Parcels of Virtue." And the Gods replied, "All the Parcels of Virtue have been used; some of you must take instead Parcels of Vice."

And the women who had already taken up the Parcels of Virtue

exceeding pleasant and happy, so much so that your sisters will envy you. But beware of the end—when the cup of pleasure is emptied, and only the dregs remain. For the dregs of that cup are poison, a poison that does not kill!"

And then the Gods ceased, and were silent.

And the women bowed their heads, and went down unto the Earth.

And even as the Gods said, so things came to pass.

And there was war between the women who had stolen the Parcels of Virtue and the women who had taken the Parcels of Vice. And in the end Virtue prevailed. And Virtue knew no mercy.

But the Gods smiled.

And the day came when the women's sojourn on Earth was finished, and they gave up their Bundles of Life, and their Parcels of Vice and Virtue, and returned unto the great Gods.



VANITY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERTS, UMTATA, SOUTH AFRICA.

hurried away to the Earth, and left the other women alone with their Parcels of Vice.

And the Gods smiled.

But the women wept; and each took her Parcel of Vice and hid it beneath her Bundle of Life, and turned away with bowed head, and made ready to depart to the Earth.

And the great inscrutable Gods were sorry for the women, because they saw that they were brave and true. And they said unto the women, "Because your sisters have stolen all the Virtue from you, and left you only Vice, they shall be cursed, and the parcels they have taken shall be a curse unto them. And there shall be war between your parcels and their parcels, and they shall prevail in the end. But because you were brave, and because your sisters took the best parcels, men in the world below shall be more gentle with you, and they shall love you more truly than they love your sisters—for a little while. Only for a little while, because, in the end, Virtue shall prevail, and your sisters and your lovers shall curse you, and their children shall curse you, and there will be nothing left you save Death, and even of Death you will grow afraid. So cast away the Bundles of Life you have chosen, and take these instead. For a little space your life shall be pleasant, ay,

And the women with the Parcels of Virtue came unto the Elysian Fields, and stood before the Gods, white, and pure, and spotless.

And the women who had taken the Parcels of Vice came and stood outside the gates, and were afraid to enter, for they were like fair, fallen, red roses.

And the Gods smiled.

And they said unto the women who stood before them—

"Look at your feet, and the grass that has been trodden by your feet."

And the women looked at their feet. And they were red, and on the grass where they had walked were great red marks.

And the Gods said, "Go! return unto Earth, and stay there until your feet are cleansed from your sisters' blood." And unto the women who stood at the gates they said, "Enter, for your feet are clean, though your bodies are soiled. Enter and rest and sleep in the Elysian Fields, and you shall awake refreshed, and return to the Earth with the Parcels of Virtue which were stolen from you."

And the fair, fallen, red roses entered into the Elysian Fields. And they sleep at the feet of the great inscrutable Gods.—ARTHUR APPLIN.





A BABY BACCHUS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE PASSING OF MARGHERITA.

BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

"Margherita!" called old Anna Tranzi from the top of the rickety wooden steps which ran up outside the almost equally rickety house standing in the midst of the patch of vineyard that Paolo Tranzi, bent-



MARGHERITA.

backed and bronzed, cultivated and owned, as had his fathers before him.

The word rang over the vines in the clear Lombardian air — "Margherita! Margherita!" but there came no answer back again from her who was called.

Anna Tranzi was old, wrinkled, and sun-burned, but she still preserved some of the beauty which had made her the talk of the neighbouring town of Magenta forty years before. Her eyes could still flash upon occasion, and there was a certain coquetry about her attire which would have made an English-woman of even less age look ridiculous, but made her only charming, with a certain air of picturesqueness. The feet, which

obtruded themselves upon the attention by reason of the shortness of the red and black striped skirt she wore, were not small; but even the use of hoe, and the work in the vineyard since she married Paolo forty years ago, had not entirely destroyed the shapeliness of the hands, which rested upon the trembling wooden rail of the stairway, though they were brown as if dyed by walnut-juice. White hairs had begun to show amidst the glossy black tresses which had ever been Anna's pride, and as the old woman turned and re-entered the house the sunlight struck across her uncovered head and showed them distinctly.

"Where is the girl?" she mentally queried, as she busied herself about the setting of the midday meal of soup macaroni, which truant Margherita was usually sought for to do in vain. "Not with that vagabond Carlo, I hope. Holy Mother! He will do the child no good. If he meant marriage, instead of merely love, perhaps Paolo and I might listen to him. But a woman can't forget poor Maddalena, Gigia, and, ah me! the rest. What can all the pretty girls see in him to cause them to barter their immortal souls for his kisses? And, after all, bah! they are not his first kisses. He has good eyes, to be sure; but so have Luigi and Cesare, who till their own land, have roofs over their heads, only wanting a mistress, and a patch of vineyard as good as any round about here. But they! How Margherita tosses her head when they pluck up courage and come here after her, or make so bold as to greet her. San Marco! how pretty she is, and I always see Cesare set his teeth hard. I would not much wonder if something happened to Carlo some day."

During this soliloquy the door opened.

"Margherita!" exclaimed her mother, without turning round to see if it were she.

"It is I, Paolo," was the reply, in a man's voice.

"You. Ah, I was not listening, or I should have known your step. But where is Margherita?"

"Sixty-and-more trips up those old stairs not so lightly as nineteen, I grant, Anna," replied the husband with a laugh, as he sank, hot and hungry, into a chair. "Is Margherita out, then?"

"Yes. I thought that she was with you. I hope that Carlo Gandi isn't with her, that's all. No good will come to her by him; remember my words, Paolo."

"You're too hard on the girl, Anna. We were young once," said the old man, whose fifty years of field labour had aged him ten more than the number of his years. "Maybe our Margherita would steady Carlo down. And you know Giovanni Gandi, his father, cannot live for ever; he is older than I, and his vineyard runs side by side with ours, though it is thrice the size, to be sure."

Anna felt Paolo was siding with the truant, and so she remarked in a sharp tone of voice, "Carlo will never marry our girl; he will only fool Margherita like the others, and then, if you're a man, you'll see that he never has another chance of doing that again. Holy Mother! You men

are all the same, all for yourselves when women are concerned. Come, let us have something to eat; maybe Margherita comes ere we're done."

But, though they lingered over the food—Paolo musing whilst he watched the sunbeams, striking in through holes in the blinds, fall upon the table and play hide-and-seek in his glass of rough red wine, and Anna thinking of how best she could warn the truant, or, failing that, coerce her into seeing no more of dangerous Carlo Gandi—Margherita came not.

Down at the end of the vineyard, amid the trailing overhanging vines, heedless of aught save Carlo's impassioned words, she sat. They were too far from the house to have heard old Anna's voice from the top of the outside stairs, even had they been listening.

There could be no doubt that Carlo Gandi was handsome; even the shadow of a vine-leaf, which the brilliant sunshine threw sharply across his nose, could not make his face grotesque. He was tall and slight, with soft black-brown eyes with which he could speak or seem to mean anything to the woman he was playing with; and he had cultivated his moustache to resemble that of King Humbert, at the suggestion of the pretty butterfly Gigia, whom he had deceived. Carlo never looked better than when he was lazy. Just now, as he lay stretched at Margherita's feet in mingled sunlight and shade, he looked his best.

"Carina mia," he exclaimed, looking up into her eyes, "you are the most beautiful woman in Italy!"

"In Italy!" said Margherita.

"Is it not enough? There are no beautiful women out of Italy. But in the world, then!"

"Ah! That is better, Carlo!" rejoined the girl, picking a floraliso (cornflower) to pieces, and smiling at the success of her transparent ruse. "But what about Gigia and Maddalena?" This without a blush. Woman-like, she blamed them, and not handsome, dare-devil Carlo.

"Them!" he replied. "I didn't love them. They were neither good nor clever; you are beautiful, too, carina mia."

"And they?"

"Pretty; not beautiful. Poor Gigia had such thick ankles; she would never have danced the gavotta as you do—no, not if she had been trained at La Scala itself. No! no! And the valse. Like lead in one's arms; yes, like lead!" And he smiled up at the pleased face of the girl, into which a slight flush had stolen. For to see Margherita, pretty Margherita, glossy of hair, svelte of form, and light as air, dance the gavotta was a beautiful sight indeed.

Margherita remained silent for a time; the poor floraliso, with its serrated petals of deep blue, had been picked to pieces, and lay in her lap in flecks, showing up against the faded crimson of her working-skirt. The girl stretched out a brown, slender hand, and plucked another of the flowers, a root of which grew at the foot of the overhanging vine.

"Margherita, carina mia, I love you!" broke out Carlo, disturbed by the action. "Santa Maria, how you madden me! Kiss me, carina. What? No? Then I you."

Carlo had risen. Margherita had risen also, with the intention of running away. Memories of handsome Carlo's other affairs of the heart had flashed through her none too cautious head; but he caught her, and in the sunlight—there was something intoxicating in the brilliant sunshine and shimmering air—Carlo looked so handsome and strong, and proved irresistible.

"Carina mia! carina, carina, say you love me!"

"Carlo, don't. Carlo, you mustn't. Yes, yes, I love you; you know I do, Carlo. But mother says—what's that?"

"Nothing, carina mia, nothing."

"But it is. Listen!"

"Margherita! Where are you? Margherita! Margherita!"

It was old Anna's voice, shrilling, but not altogether unmusically, amid the vines hard by.

A peculiar look flitted across Carlo's face as he released the frightened girl and dropped down into concealment afforded by the thickly planted vines.

"To-night, carina mia. To night, or I shali—" and he made a significant gesture.

"Perhaps!" replied the girl, brushing the remaining petals off which had clung to the fabric of her short skirt.

"Margherita! Margherita!" again rang out the voice, coming nearer. And then, "Wherever is the lazybones?"

Margherita pushed her way among the vines, making a short detour, and arriving at the spot where her mother stood calling for her from a direction nearly opposite to where Carlo lay hidden.

"Well?" was old Anna's brief and uncompromising greeting.

"Yes, mother!"

"Where have you been all these hours?" the other woman went on, eyeing her daughter from head to foot. "Do you see the sun? I'll be bound you've pulled up not a single *sporta* of weeds, though your face is red enough for you to have been hard at work in the sun. That's Carlo's work, I suppose," she went on, her anger increasing. "Let me catch him, that's all. I'm not so foolish over my girl as Sofia Franzoni was over her Maddalena. Poor fool, to believe in that Carlo and his love! Love, indeed! But go you in, and let me find that linen mended or you go to bed supperless. Go in, lazybones, and think that if I find your handsome Carlo I'll beat him with a vine-pole."



DERVISH LEADER, FIRKET, UPPER NILE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



Margherita answered not a word. Carlo was gay, perhaps; she liked him all the better. If only she should be married to handsome Carlo; if only dear old Padre Damiano gave them the blessing of the Holy Church. Ah! then mother would, doubtless, be won over; and, then, no girl of the village had caught Carlo, had retained his truant heart. Well, if she did, what triumph! Already in imagination she was Carlo's bride, the rickety stairs she was climbing were the steps leading to the portico of the tumble-down, but none the less sacred, church. She could tell exactly how her numerous rivals would look—knew exactly what they would say. Disagreeable things, of course. Perhaps that she hadn't much of a figure, or that she wasn't good enough for handsome Carlo, or that she had run after him. What if they did? Hadn't they run after him? Wouldn't any one of them have purchased a kiss with half-a-score of her own? A wrong scale of exchange, she on her part thought. What would it matter? Carlo had told her her figure was perfect; Carlo had said she was *too* good for him. No, no! It didn't at all matter what any of them said.

And, thinking all these things, she sat down in the full light of the afternoon sun with unaccustomed complaisance.

She stitched away in the sunlight, which shone on her earrings and made inroads through the insertion of her spotless linen bodice, fancying that the work she was engaged upon was in preparation, transforming in imagination the prosaic mending of old garments into the absorbing fashioning of new.

Old Anna found her at work when she returned, and relented sufficiently to commend her industry.

At night, when the house was still, a noiseless figure crossed the kitchen breathlessly, listening to Paolo's sonorous snoring in the room adjoining, and so out to the top of the rickety stairs.

The girl paused there for a moment to glance across the outspread vineyard below, a silver lake of gently rustling leaves shining in the clear moonlight.

At a little distance, like a tiny islet of darker hue, stood a figure. It was Carlo.

He did not move until Margherita was close upon him. In the chastening moonlight he was to her handsomer than ever; she to him a fay who tugged at his heart-strings, and bewildered his brain more than any other ever had.

"Incantatrice! Margherita mia!"

"Carlo!"

There was little else to be said, save Carlo's oft-repeated "I love you." What more could there be? She was in Carlo's arms. Dear Carlo, of whom the jealous spoke evil, and the charitable said nothing. His breath stirred her hair every time he spoke. Oh, that divine moonlight! In the distance, though it were but of a hundred of her short steps, the house, the rickety stairway outside, the lean-to erection which in the all-revealing daylight looked a hideous excrescence upon a tumble-down pile, appeared picturesque, and even beautiful.

Amid the rippling sea of moon-bathed vine-leaves they stood, till with a start Margherita remembered that an empty bed, if discovered, would mean disgrace which would take months of industry and tractability to surmount.

When old Anna knocked on her daughter's door soon after sunrise, Margherita started. Where was she? Where were Carlo's arms? A look from out the narrow, curtainless window satisfied her. Below, her father was slowly feeding the nomadic fowls which roamed the vineyard by day and roosted in the wood-shed or in the apple-trees at night, and the silver sea in the midst of which she had floated was turned to a green expanse, dusty in places near which the high-road ran, lying prosaically, work-a-day, in the early morning light.

"So Carlo's gone," said Nina Zennaro to old Anna one day two months later, as she stopped, with a small cloud of dust rising around her feet, and looked over the low, broken-down hedge which kept the 'Tranzis' vines from straying into the road.

"Gone!" exclaimed Anna, looking up with a start.

"So I've just heard. Gone soldiering; about all he's fit for. My Pietro met him in Milano in his fine new feathers, strutting along like his Majesty himself, as fine as you please, with a lady on his arm big enough to make two of your Margherita. Ah! Carlo's a fine rogue, that he is! He'd deceive the devil himself. Santa Maria preserve us! that he would. The grapes look fine, but it's not Margherita's tending that's made 'em, I'll swear!"

"Carlo Gandi gone! Gone!" The words burnt themselves into Anna's brain. She had her bodice well open at the throat, for the day was hot and sultry, and stooping down to pick the lowest-growing of the grapes needed one to be free about the neck, arms, and shoulders. The vine-leaves began to look very far off, and it seemed just as if there was, after all, something tight round her throat. She put up her free hand to pull it loose just as Nina spoke again.

"Well, there, I must be going, or the Padre will have no supper to-night. I take him a chicken—a fine fat one, like his reverence's own self—twice a month. Addio, Anna!"

When the sound of Nina's footsteps had died away along the dusty high-road, and the dust she stirred had settled again, Anna recovered herself with an effort.

There had been no vagabonds nor zingaro element in the family of Anna Balestrini, nor in that of Paolo her husband, so far as she knew, and she had always looked upon Margherita's wildness with strong disfavour, and as something to be kept under and be made ashamed of. While

Carlo was here, she did her best to drive him away—forbade his attentions, never lost an opportunity of referring to his peccadillos, and depreciated him to Margherita in season and out of season. But now—well, she could work no more. She must find Paolo on the further side of the vineyard, and tell him. Then she would tell Margherita—perhaps straight out, perhaps in a roundabout way, she would see—and hear what she had to say.

"Oh, that Carlo! Oh, the villain! If she could have her way with him!" she thought, as she placed the but half-full *sporta* on her back, and pushed her way through the vines seeking Paolo with her unwelcome news.

"So Carlo's gone away!" said Anna, half an hour later, as Margherita came in smiling from the vineyard.

"What?" exclaimed the girl.

"Gone away! Gone to Milano as a soldier. Oh, Carlo Gandi was a fine one with his promises! A fine one!" continued Anna, keenly regarding her daughter's face, which had gone suddenly a greyish white.

"Gone, Santa Maria, gone!"

"Yes, gone! Pietro Zennaro saw him walking about Milano with a fine lady."

"Who told you, mother?"

"Nina."

"Oh, Nina! Nina's a fine one to tell tales of Carlo. Everyone knows Nina is a big liar. Nina didn't want my Carlo for her cross-eyed Livia, did she? Oh, no! She wasn't a bit disappointed when Carlo preferred me and said he didn't want his wife to be looking two ways at once. It's all a lie!"

Margherita was a brave girl; she would show that lying Nina how fond Carlo was of *her*! But there was something strange about the room; suddenly things seemed to be moving, and her mother, standing at the table cutting the rye-bread, was fading away into the distance. Her limbs seemed to be shutting up, like the telescope she had looked through at Magenta, and her bodice to be growing tight. She would go and loosen it and dash some water in her face, and then she would be all right.

It seemed a week, a month, a year since she had heard Carlo in truth had gone. The sun was shining, just as when the postman placed Carlo's letter, with the big Milano mark upon it, in her hands; but she did not regard it. She was walking along the dusty road which led into Magenta; she had traversed it so many times that there was no need to pay much attention as to where she was going. She recognised no one. All along the village street she had looked straight in front of her without seeing anything, holding up her head, poor girl, though she knew the neighbours at their doors, and even the men outside the Caffé Umberto, sitting in the shade afforded by the striped red-and-white awning and oleanders in green tubs, playing cards or dominoes and drinking, would be saying, "There goes Margherita! Oh, the big fool that Carlo Gandi has made of her!"

Now she had left the village far behind and alone it was just the same; she bore her head erect. Mechanically she crossed herself when she passed the shrine of the Virgin, with its blue distempered canopy, fresh wayside blossoms thrust by children between the bars which guarded the image of the Virgin and Holy Child within, and its crumbling stucco exterior. And at the Calvary she did the same.

She hardly noticed the length of the hot, dusty road, nor that she was powdered a grey-white almost from head to foot. With her lips parted, the breath heaving her shoulders, and the heat-drops standing on her brow and causing her arms to show pink through the clinging linen sleeves of her bodice, she walked on. There was only one thought in her mind—"What if, after all, Gioli the chemist would not give it her?"

But how foolish! He would doubtless do so, thinking that it was for her complexion. He would laughingly tell her not to take too much. Give it her he certainly would; he sold a lot of it to the girls of the village, and when Ellena Prati had those spots come on her neck and face he told her it was a very good thing to take.

Nevertheless, when she had traversed the Via S. Agnese and stood safe inside the chemist's little shop, she could scarcely find the words to ask for the white powder she was so anxious to possess.

"Yes, certainly, Signorina. But what do you want it for? No, surely not for the Signorina's complexion? That is perfect," the chemist gallantly remarked. "A little powder might improve it, perhaps. Powder gives such an air of *frescura*; it makes beauty more elusive. This was of the very best. The Queen herself—your namesake, by-the-bye, Signorina; how singular!—is reported to use it."

"No, no, Signor! no, no!" exclaimed the girl, paying no heed to the subtle flattery. "Give me the other thing, and I must be going."

"Very well, Signorina; una lira, please."

Margherita put down the money and turned away.

At the door she was startled to see herself in the long glass which masked a cupboard at the side of the shop. Her face was ashy pale beneath the dust of the road, her eyes large and frightened. Was she like that, and he had yet given her what she wanted?

All the way home she held the tiny packet tightly in her hand. Everyone she met appeared to be looking at it, to be gazing at her curiously. Once she felt her heart almost stop, as meeting Luigi Belloni, she fancied he saw she had something in her hand and was going to ask what it was. But he said nothing beyond "Good-day," and passed along away up the cross-road.

Home at last! Tired out, she could see her mother with bent back



MISS PATTIE BROWNE AS THE MAID IN "A NIGHT OUT," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

picking the grapes, and her father's head bobbing up and down in his old green-grey hat amid the leaves doing the same.

She would be no disgrace to them. They should not call her names, or abuse her Carlo again. No, she would prevent that.

The moon swam up into a sky of darkling sapphire. The house was hushed, and, except for the zig-zig of the grasshoppers on the grass outside, and Paolo's snoring, there was no sound. Margherita was not undressed, though it was more than an hour since she had shut her door and said "Good-night" to her father and mother.

"Mind you're up betimes. Give over grieving about what can't be helped, and think no more of Carlo. A curse on him!" were the latter's last words.

"Up betimes!" As Margherita shot the bolt of her door she smiled.

Now she was sitting in the window, looking out over the vines, whose leaves were beginning to turn golden and light brown; watching the moon, taking in all the details of the familiar scene. Over there to

the paper to her lips. At first she thought of taking the powder out of her hand, but it was so bitter when she tasted it that she thought she would take it all at once. She gulped it down, washed every grain of it into her frail body with a mouthful of water, and then lay down.

The agony that the moon saw, peering right in at the little window as she sank down horizonwards!

Anna as well as Paolo Tranzi must have slept soundly that night, or they must have heard Margherita call out.

At last, as the moon disappeared behind the poplars, all was still in the little room. There was a white thing half on the bed, half on the floor; had Carlo seen it he would scarcely have known it for Margherita.

At sunrise Anna knocked on the door. Knocked again, louder. Again!

All was still!

She at length became alarmed. What could Margherita be thinking of? Was she deaf?

Anna Tranzi pushed against the door hard, thinking, perhaps, it



THE COY YOUNG MAN (MR. AUBREY FITZGERALD), AND THE SAUCY MAID (MISS PATTIE BROWNE) IN "A NIGHT OUT," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANA, STRAND.

the left, near the road, was a big white patch—that was the end of Nina Zennaro's house; the dark mark on it was where the plaster fell away the day before yesterday.

Carlo hated the Zennaros.

"Oh, Carlo! Carlo!"

But she mustn't cry out like that. Her father slept heavily; but her mother! She had something yet to do.

Near the little glass she had bought of the pedlar, close at hand, lay the tiny white packet. The night was so beautiful! What a pity it would be to die! But then—

She must have one last look. Poor mother! Poor father! Would they care? Of course they would! But she mustn't think about them, or perhaps she would lose her courage. She must think about Carlo. He had always made her strong and rebellious.

She undressed slowly, letting her thick black tresses fall down over her white shoulders past her waist. Was she really so beautiful as Carlo had said? She would look in the glass. Ah, yes! it must be true, as he had said it. But she was frightened by her eyes, they were so bright. Was it the moonlight in them? And they stared back at her so.

She would not look in the glass again. No, she would take the thing and just lie down.

She took up the packet, and undid the pink thread with which it was neatly tied; there was such a lot of the white powder, but perhaps it was not too much, after all. If she took less, she might fail in her object. That would never do. The neighbours would call her a new name instead of "fool"—"coward!"

She sat down on the bed, right in a patch of moonlight, and lifted

wasn't bolted. It gave way, the screw fell out, and part of the lock fell with a noise on the floor.

"Paolo! Paolo! Come quick! Margherita has had a fit!"

Paolo hurried in, half-dressed.

"No," said he, with a sob, "this is death!"

#### THE LITERARY GOSSIP.

I do not know what Byron wrote—no time to read I've had; But he's the man whose foot was clubbed, and morally was bad.

I've never read up Shakspeare—I have too much work for that; But I am quite familiar with his tendency to "bat."

I don't recall a single bit of Mr. Shelley's rhyme, But he's the man who tried to have two spouses at one time.

They say that Pope was pretty good—I've never seen his work; But he's the humpbacked fellow with a tongue just like a dirk.

I've not perused a line of Poe, but I know what I think: He is the man who couldn't write until he'd had a drink.

And so, you see, upon the whole, I've really somehow got A good idea of all the queer and literary lot.

And while I could not lecture quite to please the learned mind, I sort of think I'd captivate the "Sewing Circle" kind.

So, Dorcas, take notice, you can help a struggling mate By subscribing to her lectures "On the Failings of the Great."

—Harper's Weekly.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Lothaire case has ended much as everybody expected. There are few nations where judges have sufficient independence to defy public opinion in a political case, or one that excites political feeling. There are fewer still whose citizens can forego the temptation to spite England, when the spite seems to be safe. But while it is probable that a Frenchman or German—say a Mizon or a Peters—in Lothaire's position would have got off, if not scot-free, at least with slight punishment, it is safe to infer that in Germany or France greater regard would have been paid to the forms of justice, or at least to common decency. In Belgium it was not so. The proceedings in the case of Lothaire—one cannot say they were against him—were conducted with a characteristic shamelessness, a sort of dirty impudence peculiar to mushroom States and mongrel populations. The judicial farce played at Brussels finds its nearest European example in the legal proceedings after the murder of Stambuloff. The heroism that hacked an undefended statesman to pieces is equalled by the courage that hanged a rival trader in defiance of law for his ivory.

But the Bulgarians had a greater sense of propriety than the Belgians. They did not affect to excuse the murder of Stambuloff as a meritorious act, but merely arranged for the acquittal of the murderers; it was left for the brave Belgians to admit that Lothaire hanged Stokes in direct defiance of known law, but to find that the worthy Major did the deed without criminal intent. It was left to the Belgian advocate for the prosecution to deliver an impassioned eulogy of the accused; whereupon the counsel for the defence, not to be outdone in impudence, asked for an acquittal, on the ground that no one had dared to accuse his client! A plea somewhat like that of the traditional French murderer who, having killed both his parents, asked for mercy as a poor orphan. How base—and how Belgian!

For a time then Lothaire is a hero among Belgians, and, very possibly, with justice, for even the murder of a defenceless trader is an heroic act compared with the previous feats of Belgian arms. While the Belgic lion stands to celebrate the Belgic bolt for Brussels on the day of Waterloo, one cannot say that Lothaire is not worthy to be the nation's champion. Nor is it probable that any immediate harm will happen to Lothaire or his country or even the Congo State. But in future it will be known, and should be proclaimed in the proper quarters, that for British subjects there is no safety of life or property in the "Congo Free State" so-called, except in their own right arms; that the servants of the Free State can murder them with or without a pretence of judicial proceedings, and suffer no penalty; and that, on the whole, it will be safest in Africa to shoot any Belgian at sight—of course, without any criminal intent.

I have received a very flattering testimony to the importance of *The Sketch* in general and myself in particular from "A New York Girl," who has actually read my hasty deliverances on the subject of Bryan and the Silverites. I thought they only looked at the pictures over there. Though this is not a sufficiently serious column to reproduce the lady's arguments, I may say that she protests against regarding Mr. Bryan as the representative of all the Democrats, and prophesies that he will be defeated, and that the party of sound money and financial honesty will eventually triumph. It seems to me that this is what I said myself. I did not believe Bryan would be chosen President, though I wrote before some of the important Democratic "bolts" from his side were announced. Nor did I anticipate a victory for the Silver party, nor a civil war. But I believe "A New York Girl" would admit that the wide difference in economic interests between the East on the one hand and the West and South on the other is a grave danger to the United States—which that robust and fortunate organisation will doubtless outlive, as it has more threatening perils.

For the Silver movement and the popularity of Bryan are only important as signs of a widespread discontent and distress. It is when men cannot find relief in regular ways that they turn to quacks, and the young orator with the venerable clap-trap sentiments is the type of the itinerant vendor of miraculous medicines. The Silver craze would not long survive its success; the most hardened fanatics of "cheap money" would soon realise the practical disadvantages of reducing their country to the level of a defaulting South American Republic. But when one class or section of a population is made up of creditors and another of debtors, as was the case in Ancient Rome and Athens, the political equilibrium is and must be unstable.

It shows rather a dangerous tension of public opinion in some quarters that Mr. Bryan's elaborated hysterics have been taken seriously in any quarter. His famous, though apparently *not* extempore, peroration, is as absurd in its imagery as it is profane in its suggestion. I trust I shall not be thought profane if I attempt to explain the orator's absurdity in a quatrain.

Mankind you must not crucify  
Upon a cross of gold.  
And would you know the reason why?  
The nails would never hold. MARMITON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

For the second edition of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell's "Life of Coleridge" (Macmillan) a very sympathetic memoir of the author has been written by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Campbell was one of those modest enthusiasts to whom letters owe debts; who, to clear up a hazy point or dispel inaccuracies, take endless, countless trouble. All the writing world use them, and only a very few know the cost of their labours. Coleridge's biographer, however, was a personality; moreover, a very sociable man with a genius for making friends, and his memory has therefore a better chance of keeping green. He is luckier than most of his kind in having so amiable and so appreciative a biographer as Mr. Leslie Stephen, to whom it has been a labour of love to make known to a wider circle the enthusiasm of Campbell and his generosity in sharing his knowledge with all who were interested in what he cared for.

There is one amusing description of both these traits. When Mr. Stephen was writing the article on Coleridge for the "Dictionary of National Biography," Campbell was delighted to help him with his stores of knowledge on the subject. The additions and corrections he made were endless—

When I had [says Mr. Stephen] as I fondly hoped, remedied a defect by a proper patch due to Campbell's help, he would drop in with a beaming countenance and inform me that he had just discovered something in an old magazine, or a manuscript letter, which made a fresh interpolation necessary. The author of that article became, as Carlyle put it, "a passive bucket to be pumped into"; and the resources from which the stream of information flowed seemed to be boundless. . . . Campbell obviously took for granted that my zeal would be equal to his own. Personally, indeed, I felt genuine pleasure, for I had gained a friend as well as a literary ally. But the flesh is weak, and, as an author, I did occasionally wish that some of these sweepings from countless waste-paper baskets had not been rescued from oblivion.

There is room for many more industrious gleaners in our literature such as Campbell; since, if they were indeed such as he, they would be no mere dryasdusts, intent merely on the minutiae of texts, or the verification of names and dates, but specially curious about the human personality of the writers of their devotion.

Mr. John Geddie has done a really clever thing. He has written an able book on the Scottish balladists, shirking, or, at least, avoiding, nearly all the worst difficulties of his theme. That is to say, the questions of date and authorship he does not grapple with, thinking, and quite rightly, that for extreme accuracy, or even learned surmise, on these matters nobody beyond a few scholars cares one jot. Writing for a popular series, "Famous Scots" (Oliphant), he holds that pages would be ill spent on evidences of dates and suchlike things, which would necessarily be upset by other pages full of plentiful doubts. He has found work enough in the classification of the ballads, in determining their locality, and interpreting the genius of the people by their aid. It would be the easiest thing in the world to compile an empty, wordy, rhetorical book on these lines; but Mr. Geddie has used his opportunities for criticism and for guiding enthusiasm very ably and very agreeably, the result being the pleasantest and very far from the feeblest volume that has yet appeared in the series.

Some of Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's tales in "Sketches and Stories, Grave and Gay" (A. Constable), are little more than anecdotes brightly told, as such very readable, if also easily forgettable. But there is something which marks the book off from others, gives it a savour of its own, and, quite apart from its narrative virtues or defects, rouses one's interest. Several of his characters must be particularly sympathetic to members of White Rose associations, subscribers to the Legitimist Calendar, adherents of lost royal causes. Don Carlos and his fight for the Spanish crown are, to more than one of Mr. Carmichael's heroes, sacro-sanct; and anyway, they furnish out a story more picturesquely than most of the military heroes and struggles of the last fifty years. "A Noble Catholic Family" is a really striking account of a life that lives vigorously still in quiet backwaters of England, yet whose existence very few of us suspect—a life devoted to old ideals and lost causes, a life very chivalrous, self-sacrificing, austere, devoted, even if pathetically futile. The Cleresby portraits must be pronounced masterly, though we should only look with patronising pity on the rake turned saint, the Carlist soldier, the holy monk, and the fanatical historian of regicides, who, all born in England, have yet cast off their English birthright of common sense.

A little book of stories, called "In Rustic Livery" (Dent), by Mr. George Morley, I mention not to recommend and not to abuse, but merely as a queer "sport." Having looked through it, I am curious about its heredity. So far as its descriptive parts go, it is distinctly good. It is of the local fiction order, and Warwickshire scenes and customs are, without doubt, faithfully depicted. On that side I can understand and admire its parentage. But this robust stock has mated with something so un-English—not that I could fasten it on any other country I know of—and so sickly that the result is a rare and not a very pleasant curiosity. It is all exceedingly moral, by-the-by, if anything be moral which brings the human affections into ridicule and makes of the love of kinsfolk a cloying, enervating emotion. On this side Mr. Morley seems to derive from no writer I ever read a line of, and I would fain hope he may have no descendants. o. o.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



LOVE IN AUTUMN.—S. J. SOLOMON.



## ART NOTES.

The picture by Mr. S. J. Solomon, reproduced this week in these pages, has a good deal of the sentiment of Mr. Watts's somewhat early work. It is called "Love in Autumn," and shows the winged figure of Love turning from the wind that blows his garments about him and scatters the autumn leaves around him. The landscape is bleak and wintry, harmonising, and with a singular significance, with the sentiment of the subject. The trees are barren, the wind is keen, and the face of Love turns for shelter with an unhappy gesture. The composition is noble and upon a large and bold scale, and the picture certainly ranks among Mr. Solomon's best achievements.

Another picture reproduced here is "Summer," by Mr. W. T. Warrener, which was exhibited at the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists. Anybody who has seen the original work will confess that it gains very largely by its translation into black and white. The purples and violets of the original did not exactly recommend it, from any standpoint of good colour. This fault, in black and white, is

purchasers. In spite of the fact that the very hot weather made a large difference in the number of visitors to the Royal Academy and at all the minor shows, this point has been clearly established. One is sincerely glad to hear it, for it has been a dreary business for many good artists to find their summer labours practically wasted, an experience which recent hard years have compelled them to undergo far too often. The change is the more surprising, inasmuch as the Royal Academy has had to forego its customary royal advertisement at the annual banquet.

Although the initials "D. S. M." have too sadly disappeared from the columns of the *Spectator*, Mr. MacColl does not purpose that his voice and authority in matters artistic should be altogether silenced. He has just published, through the medium of the *Artist*, a remarkable and altogether masterly examination of Impressionism, setting its aims and its achievements against those of an earlier day. It has been the custom in so many quarters to dismiss the modern ideals of painting with a contemptuously final reference to the Old Masters, that it is delightful to find Mr. MacColl taking up the cudgels with intelligence and with pointed argument on the other



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SUMMER.—W. T. WARRENER.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

altogether removed, and you are made aware of the burning sunlight to depict which has clearly been the artist's ambition.

The German Emperor is on the art-path once more. Once more Herr Knackfuss has been commanded to issue from his retirement, and to produce a cartoon after the designing of the Kaiser. It is to be called "The Defence of Art and Industry by the Army," and is to be a matter of crowded interest. A lowering cloud, with dreadful and menacing outlined forms upon its front, "approaches"; to meet this amazing phenomenon "a Teutonic warrior, in martial panoply, stands ready" in order to defend Art and Industry, who, for reasons best known to the Kaiser, are ranged under a Gothic doorway. The masterpiece is to be engraved and issued at cheap terms to the people at large for their particular edification. It is well to be a Kaiser, that one's everyday ideas may be immortalised by the genius of a Knackfuss; but perhaps the fierce light that beats upon a throne is in some ways a disadvantage; for it is impossible for a German Emperor to conceal his "ghost"; if he were a common artist, all would be different.

With the close of the New Gallery, the season has come finally to its quiet end. It has been a sad season on the whole, preceded by the death of one President of the Royal Academy and ending with the news of the impossible condition of health in which the present President finds himself. But if these personal matters naturally grieve the art world at large, there is better to record of the general run of artists. This year has beaten the record for many years past in the way of

side. He takes, for example, the modern treatment of a crowd. The crowd, in any Old Master that may be mentioned, does not exist. Take Raffaele's "Transfiguration"; take—for argument's sake, not for comparison—Frith's "Derby Day": in each case it is true that you have a collection of figures, but it is that precisely, and nothing more. The dramatic significance of each figure is noted: each figure might be removed to make a separate picture; but you get no crowd—"what we mean by a crowd is the impression at quite another distance and focus, the idea of mass and swarm, the ant-like, busy look, the vague direction, the face half revealed, the multiform life and unknown motive." This is excellent, and it is the precise rendering of this vague, unknown thing, the crowd, which, in one important department, makes modern painting a new and admirable art. Mr. MacColl has so great a capacity for making final distinctions that one can but regret that he so seldom nowadays appears as a writer before the public.

It seems now more or less certain that a statue of some kind or another shall be erected in honour of Sir Augustus Harris. The fight over the matter has been chiefly carried on between the personal friends of the late manager, supported by the views of the family, and a Committee which is anxious to benefit certain musical charities. The Committee, however, after a somewhat heated general meeting, permitted a compromise, and it now remains for each subscriber to state his desire when he gives his money. It may, however, be hoped that the statue, whenever and wherever it is erected, will not partake of the dreadful character which distinguishes most of our public memorials.

FRESCOES. AT POMPEII.



A BACCHANTE



A BACCHANTE.



A DANCER.



A BACCHANTE.



## HOW THEY PUNISH IN CHINA.

The code of fantastic punishments which was drawn up in the fertile imagination of Mr. Gilbert in "The Mikado" may or may not have any reality in Japan of to-day; but they have certainly their parallels in the land of Li Hung Chang. An improvement is undoubtedly going on; but the Mongolian is peculiarly insensible to suffering, and callous as a castigator. At one of the Treaty Ports some years ago, for instance, an offender was placed in a cage, through the top of which his head protruded, and which was just long enough to allow the tips of his toes to touch the ground. Thus suspended, with just enough support from his feet to prevent the dislocation of the neck, he dangled for days, jeered by the passer-by, till he was starved to death. Parricides, according to the extreme penalty of the law, are cut to pieces, the murderer being fastened to a cross, and while thus suspended, cuts are made by the executioner

## MR. JUSTICE KENNEDY.

A man who at the age of forty-six becomes a Judge of the High Court must be deemed fortunate, however great may be his ability. When Lord Herschell made the one judicial appointment that fell to his lot, and in 1892 conferred a vacant judgeship on the unsuccessful candidate for Great St. Helens, the London world was somewhat surprised. For Mr. William Rann Kennedy had "localised" at Liverpool, where he had a very large practice, and was not well known in the Metropolis, though many were aware that he had been Private Secretary to Mr. Goschen as President of the Board of Trade, and some recollected that he was an Eton man and Senior Classic of King's. He was called by Lincoln's Inn in 1871, and took silk fourteen years later. By-the-bye, the great Inns of Court have contributed to the Bench in the following degree: Lincoln's Inn comes first with eight Puisne Judges, the Inner Temple second with seven, and the Middle Temple last with five. His



A CHINESE MODE OF PUNISHMENT.

in the fleshy parts of his body, and he is ultimately decapitated. Offenders of high rank are strangled. The victim is sent to prison with a silken cord, and is left to execute himself, just as Koko was supposed to do. In 1861 a prince of the blood was called upon to put an end to his existence in this way for treason, but his nerves failed him, and the jailers had to be called in to carry out the sentence. Decapitation has become quite a fine art. The big black block is not used. The neck of the victim is simply stretched to its full length, and by one blow, literally a short sharp shock, the head is soon rolling on the ground. For minor offences all sorts of punishments are used, and the stocks, long since abolished in this country, are in constant use. The Chinese stocks are peculiarly disagreeable, but, then, the whole theory of torture is very refined in the flowery East. Perhaps when Li goes back to his home he will carry with him the idea of a series of punishments more humane and more reasonable than his countrymen have yet been accustomed to. China can't help advancing now; she must go forward, perhaps slowly, but yet making progress, almost in spite of herself, and whether Li Hung Chang will have any power to institute reforms when he goes back, or not, the fact of his visit to the West indicates that China no longer stands where she did.

lordship, when the customary cartoon appeared in *Vanity Fair*, was brutally called "Our Weakest Judge," but a fair observer in the Courts will say that he is one of our best. To a large number of our judges a trial is a piece of business to be got through as quickly as the laws of the game will allow, and few show any desire to keep an open mind or any power of so doing. To Sir William Kennedy it seems that a trial means an affair in which the welfare of human beings and sometimes the whole of their fortunes are at stake, and he appears to feel that the happiness of the wives and families of the litigants is constantly concerned. Consequently he displays a deep anxiety to get to the bottom of a case, to have it really threshed out ere judgment is given, while he has a rare and valuable power of holding his judgment in suspense until all the facts are known. The result is that he tries a case very slowly but thoroughly, and, were I a litigant with right on my side, I would sooner be before him than any other judge. Not unnaturally, the busy practitioner speaks unkindly of his method. His lordship is a model of patience and courtesy, is one of the really learned judges, and shows more than the average judicial brain-power. He may never become a brilliant judge, but will always be one of far greater value than most of his showy "short-cut" brethren.



MR. JUSTICE KENNEDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. J. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## LXII.—"HARPER'S MAGAZINE" AND MR. H. M. ALDEN.

The house of Harper and Brothers is the only one of the big New York publishing houses that has elected to stay down town. It is away down town, too, not very far from the extreme point of Manhattan Island. It is also far off the beaten track, and anyone who wishes to visit the famous Franklin Square publishing house has to make a special pilgrimage for that purpose. The most direct way of reaching Franklin Square is to take the Third Avenue Elevated Road, as it has a station almost at the Harpers' door. The building is of iron, made fire-proof long before the days of fire-proof brick and steel frames, so that it is not as light and graceful as it would be had it been built to-day. Broad iron stairs lead to the main floor from the street, and if you turn to the left on reaching the top and pass through a gateway that is never closed, you will find yourself in the very thick of the Harper firm. But it is not here that you will find the editors of any of the Harper periodicals. They are all housed together on the floor above. To get to this floor you must cross a stone bridge and climb a winding iron stairway, walk down a hall, turn to your right, open a door, and enter a large, long room. Tables, with newspapers and periodicals lying upon them, and cases filled with books are the first things that you see. If, however, you will look down the room to the extreme end you will see a little pen in each corner. One of these pens—they are not more than seven by ten feet, is the sanctum of Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, the other is the sanctum of Mr. Henry Mills Alden, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*. If Mr. Alden is not engaged with anyone you may walk right into his room, and you will be sure of a friendly welcome and an invitation to sit down upon the only chair, except his own, that the room affords. Although he is probably as busy an editor as there is in New York, Mr. Alden never seems to be in that hurry and rush which is so strong an American characteristic. He will lounge back in his chair and listen as patiently to all you have to say, and answer your questions with as much interest as though your visit was an important part of his day's work. Mr. Alden is a tall man—all of six feet, I should say, and yet you do not get that impression until he rises from his chair and stands erect. His beard and moustache are grizzled, and so is his hair; but his eyes, notwithstanding the thousands of manuscripts that he has read, are as bright and clear as a youth's. Mr. Alden speaks in a low voice, so low that at those moments when the Elevated trains are rushing past his window it is almost impossible to hear him. A low voice from the lips of a New York man or woman is so unusual a thing that I, for one, welcome it, even when I have to strain my ears to hear it. The noises of the city which we have to talk down are our excuse. Mr. Alden lives in the country, over in an old New Jersey town bearing the Indian name of Metuchen. It is quiet over there, and his voice has become used to the country modulations.

For more than twenty-five years Mr. Alden has been the editor of *Harper's Magazine*. These twenty-five years represent the best years of his life, those from thirty-five to sixty, so that the best that is in him has been given to the service of the *Magazine* of which he is the editor. His personality has pervaded its pages, and it has been his aim to make *Harper's* a distinctly American magazine. Not that he is a Jingo, far from it, but that he believes in doing all that is in his power to develop his own country in the line of intelligence, and to encourage an interest in home industries, whether they be in the direction of literary talent or the manufacture of shoes. Mr. Alden is very fond of helping beginners,

and many a now famous author has won his spurs in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*.

Besides being an editor Mr. Alden is a most successful author. He has published but three books: "The Ancient Lady of Sorrow," a poem, in 1872; "God in His World," in 1893; and "A Study of Death," issued during the past year. The two latter have been widely read and received with great enthusiasm by the critics. Although he is regarded as a New Yorker, Mr. Alden was not born in this city, nor has he made it his home. He was born at Mount Tabor, Vermont, in 1836, and graduated from Williams College when he was twenty-two. Then he entered the Andover Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1860. He lectured before the Lowell Institute, Boston, and he wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly*, two of the most noteworthy things that a young New Englander could do. The next thing, therefore, was to come to New York, and that he speedily did. Mr. Charles Nordhoff, who was then on the editorial staff of the *Evening Post*, called the attention of the late Mr. Fletcher Harper to the young Vermont, and he was at once given an opportunity to distinguish himself. He was made assistant editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and finally, on the death of Dr. Gurnsey, the then editor, he was installed in his place, and there he has remained ever since. Mr. Alden has filled his difficult position with ability and distinction, and, notwithstanding the number of magazines that have come into the field since *Harper's* was established, it has steadily gained in circulation and importance.

J. L. G.

## AT THE "ZOO."

Naturalists tell us the fate of the American bison is sealed, and that the most majestic and powerful of the ox tribe will be known to our descendants only by the stuffed and musty specimens of museums. Our illustration shows the bull bison of the "Zoo," a very fine and, in this country, unique specimen, taking his afternoon siesta. For an animal that has spent his life in confinement, he is splendidly developed. His body is almost made up of gigantic fore-quarters, upon which is set his small head, almost hid by a luxuriant mane, the whole configuration of the beast conveying vividly to the onlooker how terrific the force of his charge would be. He is a fit representative of the great herds that thundered over the American prairies, pursued by his ancient foe, the Red Indian, before the "survivors of the fittest" from Europe crushed both hunter and hunted. Both have proved wild and untamable, refusing to

exchange their liberty for domestication, and both are paying for it by rapidly moving towards extinction. Not even the kind and intelligent keeper at the "Zoo" will dare to take any liberty with the bison. He looks dour and sullen, and perhaps feels his loneliness, for he has had no companion since a number of bison cows that formed part of the Wild West Show kept him company. The owner of that herd had the good fortune to get stock by him, for the bison, although not freely, does breed in confinement. In fact, if anyone cares to make a corner in bison and has luck with his stock, he would certainly reap a very ample reward for his venture, for even at present a bison sells at from one to two hundred pounds. In this illustration we have given the largest, with perhaps the exception of the great Malayan gaur, of the living ox tribe, and in the next illustration is depicted the largest of the rabbit or rodent tribe—the Capybara. It also is a native of the American continent, inhabiting Brazil, and extending as far southwards as the River Plate. It looks like a gigantic guinea-pig, to which, indeed, it is nearly related; but anatomists tell us that it has many points in common with the "fretful porcupine," to which externally it has no resemblance. It is peculiar among this class of animals in being very fond of water, in which it spends much of its time and gains its food. Although in its native habitat the water is always tepid, yet, as our illustration shows, it can adapt itself to our more rigorous climate, and disport itself even when the ponds at the Zoo are frozen over.



MR. HENRY MILLS ALDEN.



AT THE "ZOO"

*Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.*



THE CAPYBARA.



THE BISON.

### "MOKO; OR, MAORI TATTOOING."\*

Decoration precedes dress, and to be in the fashion is the aim of both the "brave" and the "blood." Tattooing has been ever in vogue among the lower folk, and nowadays it is spreading upwards. 'Tis among the many crazes of London town, and the professional tattooers of the West-End might do worse than "moko" their patrons after Maori patterns. Of these General Robley's book supplies a varied and artistic collection. These arabesque and spiral designs evidence that the feeling for art—ever an index to racial character—was developed in no mean degree among the New Zealand tribes whom, in ignorance of their beautiful legends conveyed in pure and sonorous language, we class among barbaric peoples. Barbaric enough they were in many things, notably in cannibalism, but even this is partly chargeable on Nature in denying them bountiful supplies of animal food for their canine teeth to tear. General Robley's admirable book is the more welcome because it treats of a practically obsolete custom, as far as the Maoris are concerned. He has summarised the records of earlier travellers, from Abel Tasman and



TYPICAL TATTOOING.

Captain Cook onwards, and added to these from his own treasury of experience of thirty years, with such lavishness of illustration as to reduce his letterpress to an unduly subordinate place.

The custom of tattooing has been variously explained, but while much that is ceremonial has entered into it, it doubtless has its origin in the primitive practice of daubing the face with colour for the double purpose of making the besmeared more fascinating to his beloved and more terrible to his enemies. Although the thighs and other parts of the body are sometimes tattooed, it is on the face that care in ornamentation is lavished, and this at the cost of torture and discomfort, which only the demands of social codes make endurable. That adornment is the primary object seems evidenced by its restriction, except in minute degree, to the males, although the reverse occasionally happens. Tattooing of the Maori females is usually limited to a few lines about the lips and chin, giving an effect which corresponds to the "beauty spots" with which fair European dames of the eighteenth century sought to add to their charms. The number and variety of the decorations denoted the rank or merit of a man, and these served other purposes than attraction of the woman, being sometimes facsimiled on deeds conveying land, sometimes used to identify the adorned, and sometimes becoming a sort of picture-writing for use in tribal intercourse. The process of tattooing (generally by professional hands), the several names given to each set of lines or curves, the curious isolation of the man until the

work of decorating him was completed—placing him under the taboo which dominates every act of barbaric life—are all explained in detail by General Robley, the descriptions having additional value from his personal knowledge of Maori customs.

### "THE WASHER OF THE FORD."\*

Hitherto the manifestations of Miss Macleod's genius have lain mainly in the direction of terror. For a great many sensitive people the power and beauty in her work have been overshadowed by the horror and gloom. The superstition that dogs faith, and casts a shadow on what should be high noonday in the souls of the Celtic peoples, was over-present in her earlier work. The new book shows the many-sidedness of her genius. Her Highlanders are religious folk because they are imaginative. The imagination that accepts fairies and banshees and evil spirits and portents accepts as readily the saints and the angels and the mysteries of religion. One capacity of belief acts so strangely on the other. They are at once the complement and the opponent of the other. Death, which to this people so sure in faith ought to be a deliverance and a joy, is so crowded upon and darkened with superstition that it becomes more dreadful to them in a manner than to those for whom it means annihilation. The belief which leads them to heights of martyrdom will make them capable of depths of cruelty. There is something gross as well as terrible in their imagination of that border-world which is neither of life nor death, and which clouds alike the peace of religion and the order of nature. "The Washer of the Ford" is, indeed, an ascent into pure air from "The Sin Eater," "The Dan-an-ròn," and "The Judgment of God"—achievements each of them in the literature of terror. The new book has all at once attained to exquisite tenderness and pure pity. The stories are in most instances the strangest and loveliest blendings of the teachings of Christ with the old primitive human nature, as little troubled by ethical laws, or multiplied griefs and cares, as the fawn or the wood-squirrel. The little and the lowly that Christ loved and bade to come to Him meet with Him in grey Highland glens, or in the midst of the sea-mist, and are acquainted with His mysteries. In these new stories beyond the mirk and horror of superstition Christ stands triumphing. He rebukes Columba through the drone of a summer fly because in his blessings he has forgotten the fish of the sea and the insects of the air, which are also the thought of God; and again more terribly because he had wrought, as he believed, the vengeance of God upon the man-seal, "the Dark Nameless One," for his sin. The warp and woof of the book are gold and shadow. The old savagery is here, the old primitive passions, side by side with the pity and the all-embracing tenderness. Even the creatures of the underworld, the man-seal and the woman he had sinned for, and the little Moon-Child, are also God's. Even Cathal the monk, who returns to his father's paganism for love of a woman, is not exempt from the universal law of love, though he passes away from among men and becomes a spirit of the trees. And as for Molios the saint, "he took away the curse and blessed all that God had made." The book is compact of Miss Macleod's essential poetry, but it is poetry of a new kind. The tenderness in many passages is as constraining as a lullaby. There is the passage in the most beautiful and mystical of these tales, "The Last Supper," where the little child meets with Christ—

I had the sorrow that day. Strange hostilities lurked in the familiar bracken. The sighing of the wind among the trees, the wash of the brown water by my side, were voices of awe. The quiet light upon the grass flamed. The fierce people that lurked in shadow had eyes for my helplessness. When the dark came I thought I should be dead, devoured of I knew not what wild creature. Would mother never come, never come with saving arms and eyes like soft candles of home? Then my sobs grew still, for I heard a step. With dread upon me I looked to see who came out of the wilderness. It was a man tall and thin and worn, with long hair hanging a-down his face. Pale he was, and his voice was low and sweet. When I saw his eyes I had no fear upon me at all. I saw the mother-look in the grey shadow of them. "And is that you, Art lennavan-mo?" he said, as he stooped and lifted me. I had no fear. The wet was out of my eyes. "What is it you will be listening to now, my little lad?" he whispered, as he saw me lean intent to catch I knew not what. "Sure," I said, "I am not for knowing, but I thought I heard a music away down there in the wood." I heard it for sure. It was a wondrous sweet air as of men playing the feadan in a dream. Callum Dall the piper could give no rarer music than that was, and Callum was a seventh son, and was born in the moon-shine. "Will you come with me this night of nights, little Art?" the man asked me, with his lips touching my brow and giving me rest. "That I will indeed and indeed," I said. And then I fell asleep. When I awoke we were in the huntsman's booth that is at the far end of the Shadowy Glen. There was a long rough-hewn table in it, and I stared when I saw bowls and a great jug of milk and a plate heaped with cat-cakes, and beside it a brown loaf of rye-bread. "Little Art," said he who carried me, "are you for knowing now who I am?" "You are a Prince, I'm thinking," was the shy word that came to my mouth. "Sure, lennav-aghray, that is so. It is called the Prince of Peace, I am." "And who is to be eating all this?" I asked. "This is the Last Supper," the Prince said so low that I could scarce hear; and it seemed to me that he whispered. "For I die daily, and ever ere I die the Twelve break bread with me." "What is your name, O Prince?" "Iosa." "And will you have no other name than that?" "I am called Iosa Mac Dhe." "And is it living in this house you are?" "Ay. But Art, my little lad, I will kiss your eyes, and you will see who sup with me." And with that the Prince who was called Iosa kissed me on the eyes, and I saw. "You will never be quite blind again," he whispered, and that is why all the long years of my life I have been glad in my soul.

There will be found neo-Pagans, no doubt, who will object to Miss Macleod's double mysticism, who will cry out, for example, against the tender vision that sees the gruesome Washer of the Ford as Mary Magdalen, a minister of God. Yet in this more than in her early work does she see the soul of the Celt whole and not in places.—KATHARINE TYNAN.

\* "Moko; or, Maori Tattooing." By Major-General Robley. With illustrations from drawings by the author and from photographs. London: Chapman and Hall.

\* "The Washer of the Ford." By Fiona Macleod. Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



KEEPER : Don't shoot 'im while 'e 's runnin', zur.  
FOREIGN GUEST : No, no ; I vill wait till he stops.





"Just run through this play I've bought. Put it on as soon as possible; and try and liven up the principal scene, introduce a smack of mesmerism or something up to date."

HOW A GRAND CONCEPTION WAS INTERPRETED.



AT HAMPSTEAD.

HARRIET: Hi, Guv'nor! I ain't goin' to 'ave that.

ARTIST: Ain't it like you?

HARRIET: No; you ain't made the feather big enough.



— V. L. W. —

MAUD : Do you know, Jack, Mr. Biggs always seems like a fish out of water when he's with me.  
COUSIN JACK : Ah ! then you've hooked him, I suppose.



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# THE GHOST AT SILVERTON ABBEY.

Photographs by Y. Wyddfa.

A ghost that appears in the last few years of the nineteenth century, drives from his home a retired British officer, and depreciates a valuable residential estate, is decidedly an interesting entity. When, in addition to this, we find that chances of spending a night in a draughty house devoid



THE HAUNTED CORRIDOR.

of furniture are being "booked ahead" and begged for as favours, it seems to be time for the interviewer to make overtures to the popular ghost.

A letter in the *Standard* about the end of April first called attention to the subject. It was written by the tenant of the Abbey, who told how he was a retired army officer, a man who had many times faced death without being suspected of cowardice; how he had taken the Abbey, being charmed with its position and surroundings, and how,

after living there for a year or more, he had been forced to leave the house because it was impossible to induce servants or his family to remain. In proof of the truth of his statement the writer said that, although he had taken the house on lease for five years at £200 a-year, he was prepared to let it to anyone for £50. The letter was signed "Bruggeling," and bore such evidence of truth as to give rise to some correspondence, and several parties of people, accepting Bruggeling's offer to divulge the real name and location of the place to anyone with a *bond-fide* wish to investigate, have sought and obtained permission to stay in the empty house for a night or longer.

Bruggeling stated that although he had seen no ghost, he had often heard extraordinary and violent sounds that could not be produced by any natural agency, and that one night he had seen the handle of his bedroom door turned and the door thrown open, but that, on instantly rushing, revolver in hand, into the well-lighted corridor, he saw no one, nor was there any way by which anyone could have escaped. For himself, he was not disturbed, but the governess, the nurse, and several servants stated that they had distinctly seen, on waking in the night, a dark-browed woman, who appeared to attempt to strangle them, and who, when they screamed, simply vanished. Servants brought from Germany, and who knew nothing of the ghost stories, had the same disturbing experience.

This all seemed promising, and, as one or two parties of amateur detectives located in the house had heard similar unaccountable sounds, I gladly joined a party of investigators. We were four miscellaneous men—a financier, a materialising medium, and two journalists. As we had no theory on the subject, we went prepared for all contingencies, well armed, and with sundry little appliances known to police and gamekeepers which are useful for the "laying" of bucolic ghosts in physical form.

The agents for the property, an extensive firm of outfitters, confirmed Bruggeling's statement that he was paying two hundred pounds a-year rent, and was prepared to let the house for fifty pounds a-year for the remainder of his lease term. They also told us that he had fitted and furnished the house in good style some three years ago, and, on leaving, had sold off by auction at great loss. It was to his interest, to their own interest, and to the interest of the owner of the property that it should be let. They themselves had taken considerable trouble to "lay" the ghost, and thought it possible that he might yet appear in the police court. They could give no reason why anyone should wish to play ghost, for the owner of the property was popular, Bruggeling was popular, and any criminals likely to reap advantage from midnight pranks were inconceivable.

Arrived at the village of Silvertown, we made further inquiries, and were assured that everyone there believed the ghost story to be "all rubbish." In fact, they had never heard a word about ghosts until the letter appeared in the *Standard*. A cheery, middle-aged dame, who rather smiled at our ghost-hunting, and who said she had been employed in and about the house for over twenty years, laughed at the idea of ghosts. She admitted that for months the servants had joked her and each other about "the ghost," but said that it was always in a cheerful, chaffing way, and that the servants who thus talked had remained in their places. There was no story or legend known in the village; the owner of the house (a lady) had lived in it undisturbed for twenty years, and everybody wished well to Mr. Bruggeling.

The gardener and caretaker was the next person interviewed. Ghosts? Bosh! Poachers? No game to poach. Local bloods or would-be wits? No, not until the last few days, since the letter in the

*Standard*. Perhaps since then one or two folk from the neighbouring town might have howled round the house, but previous to that he did not believe there had been any noise that could not be accounted for within the house. This good man showed us all over the place, and pointed out that in several of the rooms to walk across the middle of the floor, or even to tremble violently, would make the windows loudly rattle. He provided us with wood for a fire (there were already three cot-beds, three chairs, and a table in the haunted room), and left us to our meditations.

The house is a very large one, some twenty yards from a public road, from which it is divided by a moat-like ditch and high, impracticable paling. There are three gates, all kept locked, but all easily practicable. On the sides away from the road it is surrounded by its own grounds of some fifteen acres, with stabling, trees, bushes, and long grass to afford ample cover to practical jokers. We soon determined that, if the "ghosts" were outside, our little force of four would be quite powerless to intercept or seize even one practical joker who knew the district. We determined to confine our attention to indoors. The great, mazy, dungeon-like cellars were first examined. Some of the windows could easily be entered from without, so we secured the door at the top of the cellar steps, to prevent any visitor coming up from there. The almost endless doors and windows above were all examined and pronounced secure, and every nook and cranny in the house was searched.

The house has been built at two or three different times, the oldest part being some sixty years of age. In plan, it is just two long rows of rooms on each side of a long, wide corridor. There are four outer doors, more than one of which, if rhythmically shaken from the outside, would give a very good idea of "moving furniture about the floor." Even the wind could do this. One or two water-taps in the place, and especially one in connection with a pump, give forth most fearful screeches when turned. This one connected with the pump is near a window which could, if insecurely shuttered, be opened from outside. The screech of this tap could be heard everywhere inside and outside the house, and so piercing was its quality that even when we were near it and turning it our teeth were set on edge and we involuntarily shuddered. No trees touched the windows, but on one side there was a heavy growth of ivy, quite capable of producing tappings and rubbings, and in the ivy were many nests of sparrows.

We returned to the governess's room, where the "dark lady" had been most often seen, prepared for a lively night, for we know the noises that are to be heard in an empty house, even when modern and well-built, and Silvertown Abbey seemed specially planned for ghost-scars. Outside our room was the haunted part of the corridor, and immediately opposite was the room where Bruggeling slept, and of which, he says, the door mysteriously opened. We found that by shaking the floor of our room (not very violently) we could loudly rattle the window at the end of the corridor, two rooms away. We made up a fire, left our door ajar, placed our own weapons and some billhooks and hay-forks supplied by the gardener in convenient positions, and, as the ghost has always been reported between twelve and two, settled for a hand at whist.

A couple of lads, about 9.30, howled in the road and kicked the gate of the stable-yard. At 10.30 a party of men (cyclists, we imagined) groaned and screamed in the road. From that time until 11.45 not a sound was heard. Not a tap of the ivy, creak of a board, or rattle of a window. At 11.45 we put out our lights. Having no theories, we were prepared to test everything, and as three of us were spiritualists, including a well-known medium, we decided to "sit" as in an ordinary séance, with hands on table, so that if there were such things as ghosts, and if they were able to materialise, they might have every chance.



THE GOVERNESS'S ROOM.

As an outsider, I preferred to remain outside the sitting, but was persuaded to join it. For three-quarters of an hour we sat almost in silence. My companions expressed great dissatisfaction, for they had hoped there might be some truth in the ghost story, and that we might have manifestations. They had even hoped that it might be possible to



photograph the ghosts, and for this purpose had asked my co-operation. At 12.30 it was suggested that the bright fire should be dulled down, so we quenched it to a red smoulder, and sat in practical darkness, only breaking the silence by occasional momentary conversation. After a while we heard a crash. The medium called, "Turn up the light; turn up the light, will you!" and we did so, to find him sitting on the floor, rubbing his bones, and his chair, some four feet away, overturned. We said that he had fallen asleep and tumbled off his chair; but he

During the whole time of our sitting, besides the sounds recorded, we heard only the distant barking of a dog, and once, the equally distant sound of a man's voice. Not a single sound in the house itself; not a single sound in the grounds or on the adjacent road. I have slept in many country houses and cottages, but never have I passed a night so absolutely noiseless as that night in Silverton Abbey.

We went to the place without a theory, and we came away in the same condition, but with a preference for the idea that possibly the



MISS ETHEL HAYDON IN 'MY GIRL,' AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

contended that the chair had been suddenly and violently snatched away from him. Again we covered our light, and before long the medium said that he could see, between two of us, the head of a grey-haired, narrow-faced man, with heavy grey eyebrows and pointed grey beard; but the rest of us could see nothing, and we sat until ten minutes before two without any other disturbance. We then thought that possibly it would be wise to go to sleep. By 2 a.m. we were all calmly slumbering, and it seemed but a few minutes later that we were awakened by a clanging of bells and banging of doors. It was six o'clock, a brilliant morning, and the gardener had come to rouse us.

ghost story was based on some natural noises, exaggerated by a hysterical servant, and possibly, since watchers have been spending nights in the house, continued by the antics of a practical joker. But then, is Bruggeling a fool? Has he submitted to be turned out of a house to which he and his family have become attached simply for an old woman's tale? This I can hardly believe; and those who know Bruggeling best are least likely to believe it.

Still, if the house is again occupied, I think I could be induced to accept the owner's invitation to spend a fortnight with him, even if a condition were the occupation of the haunted room.

Y. W.

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# THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

Now that the great International battle between England and Australia has come so near being irretrievably ruined—and I write this without regard to the result of the Oval game, which I am glad to say England won—the time is ripe for a thorough investigation into the system which gives to the Surrey and Lancashire Clubs the right denied to Yorkshire and other counties.

The story of the "strike" is not a very pleasant subject for discussion. Richardson, Abel, Hayward, and Lohmann of Surrey, and Gunn of Notts stipulated for a fee of twenty pounds, which was just half as much again as the Surrey Club proposed to pay the professionals who had been invited to represent England against Australia. Neither side would give way in the matter, with the result that those players stood down, and the national side was for the time completed by well-known and capable, but by no means representative cricketers. Subsequently a sort of agreement was come to.

To the layman ten pounds and twenty pounds sound large sums, and it may therefore be just as well to give a few facts with the idea of disabusing the public mind of the notion that a professional cricketer's life is one golden dream. A professional has to make in a third of a year a sum sufficient to keep him for the whole twelve months. He is expected to do this out of an aggregate salary amounting at the highest estimate to £140. Out of this sum he is called upon to pay travelling expenses, often covering long distances, hotel bills, cabs, and the hundred and one odds-and-ends incidental to a public man's life. In short, a professional cricketer is paid less than an ordinary mechanic. The latter suffers nothing like the same anxiety as the cricketer, whose occupation is decidedly precarious, depending as it does upon sustained ability.

I say emphatically that the "rebellious" professionals were actuated by a sense of right in objecting to play for England at the Oval for terms half as much as those which used to be paid in the old days of small gates. The fact that the Lord's and Lancashire Clubs paid only ten pounds has nothing to do with the rights and wrongs of the question. Even if the Surrey Club considered principle, they should have waived this for the time being in the cause of England's interests in the field of play. They refused to be "coerced," as they call it, and the result is that a match which had roused two countries to a pitch of unparalleled excitement was in danger of being ruined, so far as its significance was concerned.

The Surrey Club may be satisfied with this state of affairs, but what of the public, whose feeling in the matter is a very important consideration? The public want to see England play Australia, and they may well ask what the Surrey Club have to do with the matter! By what right does the Surrey Club retain the favour of an England and Australia match? Surely by no right whatever do they choose their own team, placing economy and an overpowering sense of profit before patriotism and the requirements of all followers of the national game in this country. The whole question demands a complete sifting, and it is to be sincerely trusted that in the future these International matches may be equitably distributed among the counties, and that a committee of captains representing every club may assemble to pick the International team.

The cricket season is steadily approaching its end, and by this time it is perfectly clear that nothing but an exceptional combination of circumstances can rob Yorkshire of the laurels of the championship. All honour to the Northern team say I—a purely sporting county, and, moreover, one which relies almost exclusively upon native talent.

Yorkshire cannot even now afford to make a mistake. To-morrow they visit Sussex at Brighton, a match which may prove troublesome to them. Sussex are terrifically strong in batting, and the return of Mr. C. B. Fry from scholastic duties has strengthened the bowling.

Meanwhile, Surrey will be at home to Lancashire at the Oval. What famous games have I witnessed between these brilliant counties, including the sensational tie of a year or two ago! I fancy Lancashire are not so strong in bowling as they used to be, and on a batsman's wicket they will, doubtless, suffer defeat.

At Nottingham Middlesex should prove too good for the Lace County team, well as the latter are faring. Somerset will doubtless beat Kent at Taunton, and Gloucestershire will make another attempt to be the first county to beat the Australians. I doubt their ability.

On Monday we have Middlesex and Sussex at Lord's—a very nice, free game, as a rule. Lancashire at home should be too good for Notts, while Surrey ought to conquer Gloucestershire at Clifton. Hampshire meet Essex at Southampton, Warwickshire are at home to that strong batting county Derbyshire, and Somerset will be visited by the Australians. Yorkshire will meet Kent, not at Catford Bridge as arranged, but at Maidstone, which is a good thing for all the batsmen engaged.

## ATHLETICS.

The last has not yet been heard of the professionalising of Bacon, Bradley, Downer, and Co. It is now pointed out that the Amateur Athletic Association should hold an inquiry into what constitutes professionalism. Personally, I think that the A.A.A. have made the same mistake as is regularly made by other associations. The subject extends to all sports, and it is therefore a pity that some general understanding is not agreed to.

In athletics the receipt of one's expenses is not permitted in the

amateur. In cricket it is. Broadly speaking, a true amateur should pay for his sport, but then the development of sport of late years, with its huge "gates," has made that, if not impossible, at any rate not essential. I maintain that an athlete affording enjoyment to the spectators who want him is entitled to his expenses, if only to prevent the money going into the pockets of the clubs.

Strangely enough when our athletes visited America they received full expenses openly. If permissible on that occasion, why not for meetings held in England? I am not discussing the merits of the particular case under discussion, but the sooner a common-sense ruling is given the better for amateur sport. OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

A little speculation has taken place over the St. Leger, and the public are inclined to fasten on to Persimmon as a good thing. It must be admitted that Watts is a champion jockey, but even he, like Huxtable senior, could not come in without his horse, and it may turn out that St. Frusquin will be too fast for the Prince's colt—that is, if the Saint can stay the distance. Beyond the two favourites I can see nothing in the race that is likely to win. Some sporting journalists include Merchiston as a probable starter. I might have bought this horse as a yearling for ninety pounds. He has already earned between two and three thousand pounds for Mr. Buchanan, who, I should say, was quite as successful as an owner of racehorses as he was as a distiller. Mr. Buchanan will long be remembered as the late owner of the notorious animal Self-Sacrifice.

Music hath charms, and I think clerks of courses should always employ military bands when they are obtainable. At the last Hurst Park Meeting the Blue Hungarian Band was on tap, and, as a matter of course, the music was much enjoyed by the club members, who could crowd round the talented players. But those people of the shilling gate who hired the course could hardly hear a note from the delicate string instruments, which was very annoying, to say the least of it. The Grenadier Guards, stationed as they are at Kempton, make themselves heard all over the enclosure, so does the Royal Marine Band at Gatwick. The Scots Guards Band at Sandown is stationed behind the royal box, but a band-stand for their use ought to be built in front of the big number board.

It is not encouraging to find so many public breeders of racehorses giving up their stud farms. True, many big owners like the Dukes of Westminster and Portland, Sir Blundell Maple, and the Prince of Wales breed their own racehorses, and are very successful with them, but the little man, who breeds for the sale ring only, has had a hard time of it of late. Hard luck occasionally plays ducks and drakes with his enterprise. As an illustration of this fact I may mention the case of a friend of mine who sent six yearlings up for sale at the July meeting. One of the lot he considers quite equal to classic horses. Well, the six were not put up until the last moment, when everyone had to rush off to the racecourse, and as a result not one of the youngsters was sold. Of course, they may still find purchasers, but with an absence of the competition to be generally met with at the ring sale the prices they will fetch are not likely to be above the average.

Many of the best detectives of the C.I.D. of Scotland Yard attend our race-meetings, and they are keen on bringing the ticket-snatchers and watch-stealers to justice. At the beginning of this century the racecourse thieves were spotted by Townsend, the Bow Street runner. Townsend knew every thief or fashionable pickpocket by sight, and it was he who had the honour of escorting "Gentleman" Barrington to Botany Bay. Barrington was the champion pickpocket of his day, and, although he got off when apprehended several times, he was eventually caught red-handed at his old game on Epsom racecourse, and, after his trial, was sentenced to transportation for life to Botany Bay.

Townsend was very popular with all the royal family, and it is a well-known fact that the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., used to copy Townsend in the shape of his hats, which were then something after the shape of a sugar-loaf, with a brim to it. It was the practice of the Prince when he went on to a racecourse to empty his pockets, with the exception of, perhaps, a solitary guinea, and Townsend had the custody of the money. A good many noblemen were rather jealous of Townsend being on such good terms with the Prince and his royal brothers, and on one occasion a noble Lord stopped Townsend, and told him that at a convivial meeting the night previous it was remarked that he (Townsend) had worked at what is called coal work. The noble Lord in question said he doubted the accuracy of the statement, and asked Townsend in a sneering tone of voice whether it was true. To which Townsend replied, "Why, yes, my Lord; the gentleman who told your Lordship the circumstances was quite right; but give me leave to remark that had your Lordship been brought up to coal work, you would have remained at it all your lifetime."

The Prince of Wales, who heard of the affair, was so struck with Townsend's witty retort that he requested him to give him the narrative as it occurred; and both the Prince and his royal brothers were pleased that the noble Lord had such a snub, for his Lordship was the son of a successful tallow-chandler.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: To-day, 8.13; to-morrow, 8.11; Friday, 8.9; Saturday, 8.7; Sunday, 8.5; Monday, 8.3; Tuesday, 8.1.

A distinguished ecclesiastic in Teignmouth—"the Mentone of England," as some wag has called the place—recently addressing his little flock, strongly deprecated the custom of cycling on Sundays. Perhaps he was not aware that a New York minister urges the faithful to "wheel" whenever an opportunity of so doing occurs, "for," observes the American pastor, "half the religious doubts in the world are dyspeptic doubts; and, as cycling cures dyspepsia, the exercise is beneficial spiritually." It is quite a relief to hear at last that "wheeling" tends to improve the moral tone as well as the physical constitution of the people.

A correspondent sends us the following—



DEAR Sketch,—

If in this picture Truth's expressed,  
Then is the lucky cyclist doubly blessed:  
Joyful, he sits his wheel in this bright world,  
And if, a little later, he is hurled  
By cruel Fate to sombre depths below,  
Still shall his faithful wheel discount his woe!

Devonshire, which has rightly been termed "the schooling ground for foxhunters," is also, perhaps, one of the best counties in which the would-be cyclist can learn to ride a bicycle. In parts the surface of the roads is uneven; but, upon the whole, the cyclist accustomed to riding in so extremely hilly a country as Devonshire has a distinct pull over the individual who rides always on ground comparatively level. Still, it is unsafe for anyone to cycle much in Devonshire upon a machine that has no brake.

Have you heard that in England alone the average number of cycling accidents is seven hundred and fifty a month? Have you heard of the cyclist who drinks lemonade, stout, and milk turned into a cocktail? Have you heard the reason of his imbibing this remarkable compound? The lemonade, he says, quenches his thirst, the stout gives him strength, and the milk he takes medicinally. Have you heard that several quack practitioners are watching this individual, with a view to business? Have you heard that William H. Chadwick, of Detroit, has just completed an eighteen months' and twenty-four days' ride, in which time he covered 25,000 miles? Have you heard that one of the English railway companies lately charged fifteen shillings for conveying two bicycles about a hundred miles, whereas the French companies of Le Nord and of Orleans conveyed the two machines 258 miles for about threepence-halfpenny? Have you heard that Evan E. Anderson, a well-known professional cyclist, has engaged as "pace-maker" a locomotive, which is to draw out his speed for a mile on the track of the St. Louis, Chicago, and St. Paul Railroad? Have you heard that, in order to keep pace with the locomotive, Anderson must cover the mile in about sixty seconds? Have you heard that if he fails to keep up this pace the suction caused by the inrush of the atmosphere on both sides into the partial vacuum left by the passage of the locomotive will toss the rider and his wheel into the air and kill him before he has a chance of being killed by falling back on to the solid earth? Have you heard all these items of news, and many more that I might tell you?

Cycle Row is gradually becoming deserted. Everyone is flying north to Wales or to Scotland, or west to Devonshire, or south to the glades of the New Forest, and to other places of interest, all bent upon enjoying themselves on the fascinating "wheels." Still, a short time ago the Park was not quite empty, and I noticed there a few well-known figures. I saw Lady Gertrude Molyneux, who is a most graceful rider; but on this occasion she was leaning against the railings watching with great interest the cyclists passing to and fro. Also to my astonishment I saw Lady Warwick (who is now recovering from her recent illness), but who seldom rides in the Park, passing up and down, looking more fascinating than ever, and, as usual, dressed to perfection, with everything en suite in her dress and bicycle. But, as I have said, this was not quite recently.

I hear that Colonel Sir J. B. Gough is becoming a votary of the wheel, and is now taking a course of lessons.

The Stage, of course, is always well represented. Pretty Letty Lind (not in her Geisha costume) is often to be seen of late riding in Regent's Park; and not long ago I noticed Miss Mary Anderson by her side. They formed a very striking pair. I also continually see Mr. Acton Bond riding with the greatest energy. He is, indeed, a very ardent cyclist.

Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and their three pretty little daughters are accomplished cyclists, and were frequently to be seen riding together before they left town.

Curiously enough, we have not yet heard of Mr. Gladstone learning to bike; but I understand that President Krüger has adopted the "bike" in accordance with the advice of his physicians.

Cycling appears to have become as popular on the Continent as it is in this country. In Paris, in Vienna, and in St. Petersburg, the world seems literally to be "on the go," and even Madrid can boast of one of the best cycling clubs in Europe. We have not hitherto regarded Spain as a cycling country; but I learn that now there are no less than six Spanish periodicals published in the interests of the sport. The little King of Spain is already a very clever rider, and, though so young, he sets a good example to his subjects.

Among foreign royalties who ride may be mentioned the Empress of Russia (who has a very beautiful machine), the Queen of Italy, the Czar, the German Emperor, and Prince Henry of Prussia; while, of course, our own royal family are nearly all proficient in the popular pastime. The Prince of Wales is very fond of it; and his daughters, especially Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, are among our most accomplished lady cyclists. Princess Charles has ordered a most beautiful machine to take to Denmark with her. Princess Margaret of Connaught is also an exceptionally good rider.

A friend tells me that just now the Western Highlands are overrun with cyclists, among whom ladies are very much *en evidence*. The distances covered by some of these fair wheelwomen in a day's ride have been remarkable, considering the hilly nature of the roads.

Mr. M. D. Rucker, of Humber fame, having joined the board of the Simpson Lever-Chain Company shows which way the wind is blowing.

I hear A. A. Chase is riding a Simpson chain machine in the international championships at Copenhagen.

Last week I had an opportunity of going over the Simpson factory in Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, and was astonished to see the number of machines of all sorts and conditions which were there for adaptation—Columbias, Humbers, Elswicks, Swifts, and, in fact, all the leading makers, except Rovers, came under notice, and one of the wonders of the place appeared to my unsophisticated eye to be how the various parts were kept separate and put back into the right machine when the work was done. The special machinery for chain-making was explained, but, while I admired the ingenuity of the tools, I confess I did not understand the use or method of working many of them. Some seventy men are employed, and still the stock of bicycles waiting to be operated upon increases daily. Originally started as an experimental workshop, the place is gradually being converted into a full-fledged factory.

Truly Mr. Upcott Gill has gauged the taste of the public to a nicety; or does he himself bestride a bicycle, and therefore know how ardently the soul of the cyclist yearns for refreshment during this mild weather? At any rate, his "London to Brighton Road Chart," a map drawn up by S. W. Hepworth Dixon and A. B. H. Clerke, of the Royal Artillery, is a seasonable production in every way.

Here we find the two most direct roads to Brighton, namely, the road *via* Reigate, and the Redhill route, clearly set forth, their hills indicated, and the name given of every "local hostelry and sanded tap-room" of importance which the rider must "happen upon" if he wishes to reach Brighton in safety. Many a sorry swain and perspiring pedal-pusher will have reason to breathe a prayer of gratitude to the authors and publisher during the present month and for many a month to come.

Thus the *New York Journal*—

Every time a girl presses down the pedal of her bicycle, every time she presses her leg into her horse's side, every time she springs to meet a tennis-ball, a little thread of tissue somewhere in her leg, above or below the knee, and sometimes even far up on the hip, grows a little more hard and a little more full. As long as she continues to exercise the muscles continue to thrive, and after she has once cultivated a muscular leg, even if she reverts to a life of bodily indolence, she will never again have the soft curves which were hers before she began to exercise.

The idea of starting a bicycle dictionary has been mooted. Here is a specimen of the matter which such a lexicon would contain—

BALL BEARINGS. (*See Hubs.*)

BICYCLE. (*Bi=to purchase; cycle=on the hire system.*) A two-wheeled animal with false lungs and a morbid appetite for repairs. Found in the Eastern as well as in the Western Hemisphere, but in the latter more especially. Its temper is uncertain. It will sometimes, apparently without provocation, hurl its rider against the nearest wall, or fling him beneath an omnibus, or bolt with him and kill him. If mentioned in good catalogues, however, treated kindly, and weaned on oil and air-pumps it can be trusted for about half-an-hour. Costs from fifteen to thirty pounds.



# OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## GOWNS AND GUNS.

The "Glorious Twelfth" has come and gone; house-parties are, as a consequence, the crux of the moment. We are within reasonable distance of partridge and other pleasant adjuncts of the shooting season, while in present sincere appreciation of the "little brown bird's" piquant flavour. It is, indeed, easy to understand how, above all other terrestrial delights of the twelve months, autumn ides are first in seductiveness, always provided we have a quiverful of country-house invitations worth accepting. To the heats and labours of the season in London succeeds that free-and-easy companionship which town conventionalities necessarily make impossible. There is a certain pleasing novelty, too, in seeing the tweed coated and knickerbockered male whom, when in town, we perhaps merely bow to in the Park, saunter lazily in to the social movable feast of breakfast, which practically obtains from 8.30 to 11 a.m. At luncheon-time the energetic will often accompany cold viands to the guns who are disporting themselves variously among the heather, and tea-time gives us again graceful opportunity for the display of alluring silks and laces, in exchange for our morning skirts and tailor-mades, while valiant mankind, redolent of grouse and gunpowder, will recount the fulness thereof of their bags for the greater edification of us sympathetic listeners. It is all very charming and pleasant, beyond doubt, provided the right people are brought together; and even if they are not there is a certain zest in the presence of a disturbing element always provided she (it can never be a *he*) is not too perilously fascinating, and does not too obviously seek for new worlds to conquer, on which other people have a claim. Meanwhile, we must forsake generalities for the more practical purposes of applying that war-paint so necessary to any siege. Beginning with the inevitable tailor-made, it is quite noticeable how strictly all the smartest women adhere to white at the moment for morning frocks, and whether the material be cloth, linen, piqué, or mohair, it is nearly always the same. In white cloth, for instance, a charming dress is obtained by the perfectly fitting plain skirt, a short single-breasted jacket, made quite straight at the back, sleeves and collar treated with a simple scroll design in silver or gold braid. This new cloth is called the Czarina, and closely runs the Isigny mohair in favour, a material much resembling Irish poplin. For all other styles of dress, excepting the tailor-made, trimmed skirts are *de rigueur* with fashionable

of such delightful draperies. Crêpe de Chine plays a leading part in well-equipped wardrobes just now. No material drapes so well, a fact which Madame Sarah Bernhardt emphasises by invariably wearing this softly clinging fabric indoors. In fact, it has been said that the great actress is responsible for bringing China crape into fashion again, but even on its own merits it is quite time that this



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SEEN IN THE CASINO AT AIX.

material had a hearing. An afternoon-gown in the last cry of fashion is illustrated for the benefit of those who wish to add something new and smart to their roll-call of existing garments. As will be seen, the skirt of green and blue shot taffetas is trimmed in a new way, the narrow pleating of silk round the edge being a coming custom. Three bands of lace insertion in a deep écaru colour are sewn on at regular intervals, the skirt gathered fully over sides and back. The bodice is particularly charming, made of accordion-pleated mousseline de soie in a deep ivory tint over pale-green silk. The corselet of lace exploits slender waists admirably, showing furthermore the dainty little basque of green and blue silk pleated full in tiny folds. There is a deep lace collar, also of ivory guipure, and bows of pale-green ribbon appear on the shoulders. Sleeves are rather fully puffed of shot taffetas and turned back with cuffs of lace. For finishing up the Indian summer which weather-wise people promise us I can imagine nothing more suitable than the foregoing. To find a hat agreeing with this dainty costume would not be difficult, as at the present time a large liberty in the matter of colour and material prevails with French milliners. A Lamballe hat trimmed with multi-coloured roses, veiled in black tulle, and with three or four black feathers at the side, is one of the best autumn effects I have so far seen. The newest toques, drooping downwards over the eyes in the approved method of all fashionable hats, are now ornamented with a single jewel—turquoise, emerald, or what not—made to fall over the forehead in the manner of that *féronnière* so affected by our forebears, and which we see sometimes in old pictures. A pretty fashion this, but one that could only be attempted by a milliner of note. A burlesque would be so easy if it were unskillfully attempted. The square-fronted Louis XVI. hat is still in evidence, and the jam-pot crown has trickled through the ranks until its distorted prototype, at 1s. 11½d.—the unforgivable three farthings—is writ large in suburban highways. Some of the Manilla travelling hats, simply trimmed with quills and stiff bows of velvet-edged ribbon, are very pretty. One which I have seen, arranged with broad pink ribbon edged with moss-green velvet and a *cache-peigne* of pink roses, was very becoming.



[Copyright.]

SMART AND SENSIBLE.

folk, properly so called. The plain skirt dies, indeed, hard, but is going from our midst all the same. As for evening-gowns, their elaboration knows no bounds, painted mousseline de soie being a last—and lovely—extravagance of the brilliant Gallic imagination. Silk embroideries are often added to the painted design, increasing their beauty and cost; while jewelled belts of rich pattern and colour enhance the effect



That the seaside equipment should not be denied its due share of attention, I have this week a specially designed bathing-costume on view in the illustration given on the previous page, and the girl who takes to the water in this exact manner may lay the comforting unction to her soul that she is looking her seagoing best. Blue serge and white braid, red serge and a white or blue trimming, pink with pale blue, are all equally applicable according to the wearer's taste. The model from which my design was taken had pale-blue braid on white serge. The full knickerbockers are gathered into waistband, and also gathered just above the knees. The blouse bodice by being cut very long forms a well-shaped skirt. A round collar of blue braid has the white serge fully gathered in, and a neat waistband of the same is made on webbing, which can be drawn in at will. (N.B.—A small waist is an essential item of the well-groomed bather!) Over the shoulders bretelles of the pale-blue braid are ornamented back and front with two large flat pearl buttons. Short puffed sleeves are gathered into bands of the braid, which inevitably edges knickers and end of skirt besides. *En fin!* a little silk handkerchief of pale blue and "water-tight," of course, is knotted engagingly over the chevelure, producing a most attractive ensemble altogether.

While we happy holiday-makers are gathering our rose-buds the trail of the British workman in the form of lengthy ladders and paint-brushes is over all in London, and refurbishing goes on apace both inside and out. An excellent opportunity the annual exodus gives, too, for various household upheavals, such as remaking bedding and so forth, which cannot very well form part of the spring-clean while "the family" is in actual possession. Seeing that the very head and front of all matters relating to the bedroom is that old-established firm in Tottenham Court Road, Heal and Son, I find it answers admirably to call their experienced services into requisition for the remaking mattresses, redressing feather pillows, and otherwise, during the annual autumn recess. To visit Heal and Son's century-old warehouse and see their enormous galleries devoted entirely to bedsteads and bedding of all sorts, kinds, and sizes, is, indeed, to gain a liberal education in the gentle art of slumber. Tons of feathers are imported from Russia, dressed on the premises, and devoted to the uses of pillow, bed, and bolster, while the modern luxury of the spring bedstead is here conjugated in all its tenses. Some model bedrooms fitted up for the greater edification of Heal and Son's clients are nests of luxury, and offer many valuable hints to the observant *Hausfrau* with their fitted wardrobes, bookcases, recesses for endless millinery and cherished feminine possessions variously. I know not if draped bedsteads are a weakness with womankind generally, but I do know that they are charming, adding infinitely to the cosy comfort and appearance of any "sleeping-chamber," as our wordy forebears would call it. Heal and Son have a dozen different manners of draping the airy modern bedstead, which rival in comfort, as they surpass in simplicity, all grandmotherly methods. Sometimes it is merely a gilt circle, through which a coronal of filmy muslin is passed over the bed-head, and other more elaborate but equally simple fitments are arranged, combining elegance, ease, and cleanliness in the highest degree. And, after all, if we spend half our lives in our bedrooms, as some intelligent somebody has discovered and observed, why should not that haven of rest be made as "grateful and comforting" as possible?

SYBIL.

### CELEBRITIES' CLOTHES.

When Miss Annie Dirkens is not engaged in representing the Little Genius, and looking wonderfully piquant and fascinating in a black velvet knickerbocker suit, or boyishly *débonnair* in striped flannels, she has a decided partiality for Parisian gowns in general, and Doucet's productions in particular—gowns somewhat elaborate as to detail, and full and soft as regards the bodices.

And yet, charming as she looks in one and all of them, I almost think that she looks most bewitching in those boy's clothes of hers, or in the severe simplicity of a perfectly cut riding-habit.

However, the fact remains that gowns which have had their birth in Paris always exercise a peculiar fascination over the feminine mind, so let me introduce you, with due form and ceremony, to that one which is sketched for you and which is the very latest addition to Miss Dirkens' extensive wardrobe.

It has a skirt of grass-lawn, where many inserted circles of fine lace reveal the delicate mauve of the silk beneath, and are, each one, outlined with a delicate tracery of silken embroidery; while at the foot comes a finely pleated flounce, with a narrow edging of lace. The bodice and the tight-fitting undersleeves are a mass of minute lace frills, which only now and again give a gleam of the silk between, and then there are pretty frilled revers of mauve shot silk ribbon, all drawn eventually into the bondage of a deep ceinture of the same silk; while a little vest and a filmy bow of white tulle complete the category of all save the sleeves, where still there remains to be told the story of a quaint shoulder drapery of the lace-inserted grass-lawn, divided in the centre by sundry little ribbon bows. Altogether, a lovely gown, worthy of its maker's fame and its wearer's piquant prettiness.

The hat destined to accompany it is of brown straw, with a wide, full ruching of ribbon round the crown, and at the back a high and most quaintly fashioned bow, while a mass of softly shaded roses rests against the hair.

Another favourite dress is of pale biscuit-coloured cloth, with two rows of gold braid developing into bold scrolls in front, as sole skirt-trimming; while the bodice boasts of a square collar of grass-lawn and lace over shining golden tissue, which is revealed again, but this time in its full, unshadowed beauty, in the tiny vest, with its guarding groups of gold buttons, a touch of white piqué being also introduced with good effect, and outlined with narrow gold braid.

But you must not think that Miss Dirkens is unmindful of Vienna, for many of her dresses are made there, in spite of the rival attractions of Paris, and it is in one of her Vienna-made gowns that she is having her portrait painted by an English artist. The material is pale-blue silk, with groups of line stripes alternately black and white, the bodice being veiled with soft white chiffon appliqué, with two broad bands of yellowish lace. The black satin at throat and waist is becoming and smart, as it always is, and the sleeves are charming—a great bow of the silk at the shoulders, and then tight undersleeves, where wee frills of pale-blue silk spring out from the outer stripes. I was also made acquainted with a charming dress of grey alpaca, the pinafore bodice of white silk, beautified by a fine appliqué design in black, and outlined with a glittering tracery of jet—still another proof that Miss Dirkens'



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A DOUCET DRESS FOR MISS ANNIE DIRKENS.

long assumption of a boyish part has not rendered her indifferent to the charms of feminine attire.

And now to leave "The Little Genius" and spend a moment or two with "The Mummy," for the sake of a charming gown worn by Miss Elliot-Page as the American professor's daughter.

Silken crêpe in a pale shade of mauve is the chosen fabric, and it is strewn all over with festoons and sprays of tender pink flowers, the softly gathered bodice being drawn into a waistband of pink silk with long sash-ends. There is a touch of pink again at the neck, and, of course, the skirt is provided with some little frills—four in number in this case.

It is a graceful and an eminently becoming gown, but Miss Elliot-Page looks her loveliest in the clinging white draperies and gorgeous jewelled belt and breastplate, which she dons as the resuscitated Egyptian mummy.

But the prettiest dress worn in the theatre on that first night was of white glacé silk, the sleeves fashioned of four little frills, each one edged narrowly with black ribbon velvet, while four more frills, with their velvet bordering, outlined the *décolletage*, their soft fulness in effective contrast to the swathed tightness of the enormously deep ceinture, which, at the waist, was only tinged with the faintest pink, but, as it rose upwards, deepened in hue till it hid its deeply, rosy red blushes beneath the snowy whiteness of the overhanging frills. And when I tell you that the wearer of this lovely gown was the still more lovely Miss Ethel Matthews, you can imagine that the effect was charming.

FLORENCE.



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Aug. 26.*

## THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

It is said that once more a resolute effort is going to be made to work up the market price of Chartered shares, so as to pave the way for a fresh issue, and that, at present prices, they are worth buying for "a good turn." There is no doubt that times are more propitious for the movement than they have been for some time. The back of the Matabele revolt is probably broken by this time, the "Raiders'" prosecution is over, and the Parliamentary inquiry is comfortably hung up for five months. If, as is suggested, Messrs. Rhodes and Beit announced their intention to pay out of their own pockets the whole cost of the war with the Matabele, it would certainly put up the price of Chartered shares. It is quite possible that, for those who are in the mess, the best policy now may be to sit quiet for a bit and "wait for the turn of the tide"; but for those who are out we incline to Lord Aberdeen's invariable question, "Why can't you leave it alone?" It is not a fair game. The outsider has to play against men who have the pack in their own hands, and at will can deal either aces or deuces—especially the latter. Moreover, though probabilities do not count for much in a game of skill, yet, for what they are worth, they are against the likelihood of Messrs. Rhodes and Beit undertaking the onerous liability of the whole cost of the war. Why should they do so? The suggested reply is that they have such a very heavy interest in a rise in Chartered shares that it would pay them to give a very large sum of money to lift the market. That, if true, is no doubt a sufficient answer. One of the most noted *coups* of the late Mr. Jay Gould, of pious memory, was the making voluntary restitution to a company of a large sum out of which he had swindled them. Previous to this pious act of restitution he opened an enormous account for the rise, and before the enthusiasm evoked by this unprecedented act of honesty had subsided, the "little wizard" unloaded his big block of shares on the enthusiastic public at a price that not only paid the expenses of the "Restitution Racket," but left him a large profit in hand which no doubt he devoted to other pious uses. Imitation is no doubt the sincerest form of flattery, but any attempt to repeat the Jay Gould manoeuvre in the present instance would probably prove a dismal failure. The circumstances are so totally dissimilar. No one could suggest that Messrs. Rhodes and Beit had robbed the British South Africa Company of the costs of the Matabele War, or that they are even morally responsible—except in some extremely roundabout way—for the war, and paying for the war would not free them from any responsibility for the consequences of Jameson's Raid which may rest on them. A rumour that they had agreed to pay out of their own pockets any indemnity payable to the Transvaal Government would carry on its face a much greater appearance of probability. Meanwhile we come back in the end to the old questions: (1) "Enthusiasm apart, what are the shares really worth?" and (2) "Is there really payable gold in Rhodesia?"

## THOMAS EDWARD BRINSMEAD AND SONS, LIMITED.

The severe terms of the judgment pronounced against this company last Tuesday may lead to its suddenly going into liquidation—or, at least, to a petition being presented against it—and then it would be too late for most of the allottees, unless they had already commenced proceedings. The solicitor referred to by us last week, who knows all the facts, is confident he can get rescission for all his clients. The solicitor who acts for Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons is also, no doubt, thoroughly up in the facts, and is, we believe, a very respectable gentleman; but, of course, the company will contend that any proceedings taken by him are really taken in the interest of their big rivals, John Brinsmead and Sons, especially as the latter are, we understand, writing to the Press and recommending him. Shareholders will probably prefer to be independently represented.

## COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

It is impossible to judge what amount of harm might have been done to this institution if the hostile petition of Mr. Webster for the winding-up of its London office had been held over much longer. Indeed, there is every reason to fear that the credit of the bank in the Colonies has already been damaged during the time these proceedings have been pending in London.

We have followed very closely in these columns the various moves of Mr. Webster and his committee, which culminated in the presentation of this petition, and we venture to state that the creditors have little reason to thank that gentleman for his action in the matter, and the consequent expense which it has led to. The meeting of creditors, convened by the Official Receiver on the order of the Court had expressed itself in most decisive terms in favour of the scheme and against the adjournment of the meeting, and it was confidently expected that Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, in view of the fact that this was the second time that creditors had, in an unmistakable way, decided in its favour, would have given his sanction to it without further prolonged discussion. Representations, however, were made to the judge to the effect that the bank had disregarded the spirit of his order, and had not afforded the facilities to the petitioner for circularising the creditors which it ought to have afforded.

On the strength of this representation the judge had apparently fully decided in his own mind that another meeting should be convened

for the purpose of obtaining, *for the third time*, an expression of opinion from the creditors upon the merits of the scheme. We do not propose to enter into the contentions of the petitioner as to the obstacles placed in the way by the bank for obtaining the facilities ordered by the Court; but we see no reason to question the contention of the bank, that they had been anxious to comply with the order in every respect.

This was the position of affairs when the Court adjourned for luncheon, and no small amount of surprise was created on the resumption of the case by the announcement that an arrangement had been entered into in the interval, by which, on the bank agreeing to pay the petitioner's costs as between solicitor and client, with an additional £100 for expenses, the petition would be withdrawn. As far as the bank was concerned, we cannot but think that under the circumstances it was well advised in agreeing to this compromise, as already it was beginning to feel the effect of the great strain upon its credit in the Colonies caused by the uncertainty as to the outcome of these proceedings. And this will be all the more appreciated when it is considered that the bank has its ramifications throughout all the Australian Colonies, having no fewer than some seventy-five branches.

What, however, shall we say of the opposition to the scheme? The petitioner and his supporters had practically got the promise of all they wished for, namely, an adjournment for a further meeting, and yet they did not avail themselves of it, although they had confidently stated, through their counsel, that they expected, if a further meeting were called, to efface the statutory majority which was necessary to carry the scheme. The reason which Mr. Webster advanced for an adjournment was the desirability of having an investigation into the affairs of the bank in Melbourne. The advisability of this step had already been fully considered by the London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow Committees, and eventually dismissed as being, under the circumstances, detrimental to the interests of the creditors, and, if such a course had been sanctioned by the Courts here, we cannot but think that the result would have been most disastrous.

The bank is a Victorian institution, and the Court out there, on the strength of the overwhelming majority both in this country and the Colony in favour of the scheme, had already given its sanction to the same, so that the bank had resumed business, and was a going concern while these proceedings were pending here in London. It will thus be seen that, in the event of the Court on this side ordering an investigation into the affairs of the bank in Melbourne, which by this time had been practically readjusted, it would probably have given rise to a conflict between the respective jurisdictions. It would appear that the opposition had not overlooked this contingency, for one of its members at the meeting indicated that, as a last resource, they could appeal to the Privy Council. It would, therefore, seem to have been in the minds of the petitioner and his friends that a conflict was not improbable if the investigation had been ordered by the Court here. In such a case the chances of creditors getting 20s. in the £, we fear, would have been very remote, as the current business of the bank would have speedily been transferred to other institutions, and we all know what realisations on a large scale in Australia would mean in the case of a liquidation at the present time. It is unintelligible to us why a committee, professing to have the interests of the creditors at heart, should imperil the life of an institution—especially a bank of issue—by such unwarrantable and vexatious proceedings.

## THE RAND.

We are able this week to give our Johannesburg correspondent's views on two important gold-producing mines whose shares are largely held here and freely dealt in. Coming as the letter does from an expert on the spot, the account of these mines and their prospects cannot fail to be interesting.

## GELDENHUIS ESTATE.

The Geldenhuis Estate in recent months has proved a great disappointment to shareholders. This is sufficiently indicated in the greatly reduced earnings. At the annual meeting in May 1895 the chairman (Mr. W. H. Rogers) forecasted a brilliant year's work with gross profits of £150,000, but at the end of the year the actual amount only totalled £75,842. This result was the more disappointing inasmuch as the large 120-stamp mill performed a normal amount of work, crushing 169,054 tons of ore. As the value of the gold produced was £250,510, it follows that the yield was at the rate of 29s. 7½d. per ton. This rate is possibly the lowest for any large company on the Rand, and it compares unfavourably with a yield of over 38s. per ton for the previous twelvemonth, when the amount crushed with a smaller mill was 106,828 tons. Working-costs are remarkably low, only 18s. 1½d. per ton last year, plus 3s. 5½d. per ton of tailings for cyaniding. This rate is exclusive of depreciation, for which the unusually large amount of £48,815 was written off last year, being at the rate of 5s. 9d. per ton crushed.

It will be seen that the divisible profits last year from ore yielding only 29s. 7½d. per ton were almost *nil*, and the dividend of 30 percent. paid in the first half of the financial year was, of course, only possible by the sale of 9½ claims to the Treasury Company for, roughly, £120,000. The balance of this money, after wiping off an overdraft of £100,000, helped to swell the 30 per cent. dividend, but it is certain that so much as 30 per cent. would not have been divided had the directors foreseen that poor returns were to overtake the company in the latter portion of the year. Good profits were made from May to September, averaging about £11,000 per month; but in October, when the market began to slump, the ore suddenly gave a lower yield, and from then till now the record of the mine has been a most disappointing one, January showing a heavy loss, and some other months little or no profit.

The question for shareholders is whether the future working of the mine is likely to yield a better grade of ore, for with the present average grade, worth only 29s. 7½d. per ton, it is manifest that substantial dividends are out of the question. Working-costs cannot come much lower, any benefit from the cheapening of native labour being possibly neutralised this year by the increased cost of transport and food-stuffs, but there may be a slight addition to divisible profits in the lessened amount it should be necessary to write off for depreciation



in the future, and, moreover, we have the chairman's assurance that the heavy disbursements out of profits for the efficient equipment of the mine will positively come to an end this year.

Hitherto the chairman has not been particularly happy in his prophecies regarding this mine. Shareholders have reason to complain of the prophetic proclivities of the company's manager as well as those of the chairman, for the former gentleman, in a remarkable article published in a Johannesburg newspaper on Sept. 28 last, at the very time when the short era of high profits was near an end, is made to say that he "anticipated that with the increased returns expected from the concentrates, as the result of adopting classifiers, the monthly profits for the 120 stamps will gradually increase to £12,000 per month. With the additional 30 stamps, which will probably be running within six months from now, a further improvement will be shown."

The public heard no more of this proposal to erect 30 more stamps, and the sequel to the manager's sanguine prophecy about increasing profits is found in the respective accounts for the months immediately following—namely, September £10,056, October £6458, November £4496, and December £1996. January showed a loss of £3714, and the average profit since has been under £5000 per month. In the same article—the genesis of which it might be interesting for shareholders to know something about—elaborate calculations were made regarding the mine as an investment on the price of the shares at that time—namely, £6 10s.—the result arrived at being that the shares were an excellent investment. Reference is only made to the article here because of the manager's authority being given to numbers of the statements which have since been completely falsified by fact.

Recent low returns are not wholly to be accounted for by the fact that the lower workings have encountered another "poor zone" of ore; the fact is that the company is to-day paying the penalty for having extracted only the richer portions of the reef bodies in the earlier years, when it was possible to keep a small mill running on selected ore only. This is no longer possible when 120 stamps have to be provided for. Look at the wonderful returns down to 1893. But in that year, when a larger mill had to be supplied with ore, the plate yield began to fall under half an ounce per ton, and for the twelvemonth ended March last it was drawn to 6.41 dwt. per ton (exclusive of returns from concentrates and tailings). Experience leads to the belief that the poor zone which the workings have reached will be followed by richer ore, but to what extent it is, of course, impossible to say. Ore to the amount of 200,000 tons is in sight, and it averages no better than the recent grade. As to the life of the mine, the most conflicting estimates are made, and much depends on the possibility of profitably treating the large quantities of low-grade ore in the mine. Allowing that the company has still some fifty unworked claims, the duration of the mine should be slightly under ten years. In addition to its proved mining ground, the company possesses a large estate to the north of the reef of undefined value. The possibility of this estate containing payable reef bodies has always been admitted.

#### PAARL CENTRAL.

The enlarged battery (70 stamps) will be started in the course of the next few months, and the result of the present capital expenditure on an improved equipment, 20 new stamps, &c., will then be apparent, it is anticipated, in considerably increased profits. Last year, with 50 stamps running for eleven months, the company crushed 55,757 tons, which yielded a net average over the plates of 7.31 dwt. per ton. Tailings yielded a further 4.80 dwt. The total yield was slightly over 36s. per ton, this representing a grade of ore from which dividends may be paid. As a matter of fact the Paarl Central has hitherto been able to earn considerable monthly profits with 50 stamps and the old equipment, and under the new order of things the rate of profits ought to be improved upon. A portion of the new capital is being expended upon a new main incline shaft, by which the mine will be more economically worked. In this, as also in the west incline shaft, the lower levels are disclosing a distinct improvement in the value of the ore. The South Reef is 3 ft. thick, and averages from 15 to 17 dwt., while the South Reef leader, although thin (only about 12 in.), gives an average of 3 oz. These two ore bodies alone, particularly if their improved value is maintained, should make the mine a most satisfactory proposition.

The Main Reef and leader, though poor in the upper levels, are also expected to improve. The enlarged mill ought to crush 110,000 tons of ore per annum, and it will not be surprising if, as a result of the recent improvement in the ore, profits run up to 15s., or even 20s., per ton. At the lower rate, the annual profit would be fully £80,000, equal to 20 per cent. on the company's capital.

Mr. Abe Bailey, who has been prominently associated with the fortunes of the Paarl Central, is one of the younger generation of men who have amassed a large fortune on the Rand. The son of a member of the Cape Legislature, Mr. Bailey was educated in England, and in his ten years of mining enterprise, first at Barberton and latterly at Johannesburg, he has made himself conspicuous by a remarkable shrewdness for his years. Mr. Bailey will be in England by the time this reaches you.

#### MISCELLANEOUS MINING ITEMS.

In the Australian Market there has been great firmness, and it is put about that, during the next account, there will be a considerable rise all round, but particularly in the companies affected by the Whitaker Wright group. Even at present quotations, the shares of the London and Globe Finance Corporation are said to be worth buying for a quick rise. Of all the mining companies controlled by this group, none seems so popular with the public as Paddington Consols. We hear that the transfer-fees more than pay the whole expenses of the office, including the fees of the directors, two of whom have to be in attendance for hours daily to sign certificates.

We are also glad to learn that at length there are some signs of water being struck at Menzies Golden Age, as at a depth of 141 ft. the ground in the water shaft is getting damp. A trial crushing of fifty tons is about to be made immediately.

There has been a considerable demand lately for the shares and bearer warrants of the Nobel Dynamite Trust Company. It is said that some amalgamation is on the tapis.

The following issues have come under our notice during the week—

The New Zealand Minerals Company, Limited.—Attractive as a pure speculation.

The City of London Joint-Stock Trust, Limited.—We shall not trust it with our money.

Dalton, Barclay, and Company, Limited.—We should leave it alone.

The Goldfields of Mexico, Limited.—We cannot recommend this concern.

The Anglo-French Motor Carriage Company, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Goldfields of Mexico, Limited.—We cannot recommend this concern.

Saturday, Aug. 15, 1896.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. F. R.—T. E. Brinsmead and Sons. The matter being urgent, we wrote to you by post. Unless you take prompt steps, you will be liable for the full nominal amount of the shares allotted to you.

DUPED, W. B., W. R., H. C. W., C. T. P.—See answer to S. F. R.

J. D. C.—We wrote to you on the 10th inst.

J. S. B.—We have handed your letter about T. E. Brinsmead and Son, Limited, to the solicitor referred to therein, and he will, no doubt, write to you direct.

ORLE.—It is impossible yet to say how this company will turn out, but we are afraid the whole of its capital was not subscribed, and it is very disadvantageous for a commercial business to be short of capital. We do not see how you can avoid paying the balance due on your shares.

T. H.—The boom has been greatly overdone. We should not recommend the investment. The company, like the rest of them, is certainly overcapitalised.

SCARBRO'.—(1 and 2) Sell. (3) Not very good, but may improve to some extent. Repeat inquiry in about a month's time. (4) Hold for the present.

N. M.—We have written to you by post.

R. E. P.—We have written to you by post.

L. S. D.—(1) A very dubious concern occasionally rigged by outside broker touts. (2) The Minerva is a Johannesburg Company, with 396 claims on the Black Reef. This year's crushings in ounces have been—January 1313, February 277, March nil, April 1678, May 1453, June 1856, July 1200. It is said to be improving, but we do not like Black Reef properties. Capital £200,000. Price about par. (3) We do not recommend them. Price 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.; have been 14s. (4) Has fair prospects, but success depends on market conditions and on Dr. Magin. It is to be included in the Oceana Amalgamation, one new share to be given in exchange for two of the old. (5) A well-known twenty-five acre mine in the Murchison district. It is crushing, and the 5s. shares are quoted at 5s. 9d. to 6s. 3d. We do not care very much for the Murchison Goldfield, and the shares seem to us dear enough. (6) We do not recommend it.

W. E. E. R.—(1) Has a fair chance of success if taken up by some strong independent individual to settle the disputes. (2) a. Nobel Dynamites have gone up lately, but are good. We hear some South African amalgamation talked about. b. The Lake View Consols market is in the hands of powerful people, who may push them even higher; but on merits we think they are high enough. c. Dear, but very good for a speculation. d. Yes, for a short run, but not to hold. e. Ditto; considered rather better than d. (3) The price to-day of Cue No. 1 shares is  $\frac{3}{4}$ . (4) The general market opinion appears to be that Kathleenes are likely to improve. The 2s. 6d. shares are quoted 3s. 9d. to 4s. 3d. Machinery is on its way to the mine.

R.—We have answered your telegram, and now await your promised letter.

WELLEN.—The Lake View Extended settlement is not yet fixed, but is expected soon. It is considered a good mine, being quoted  $\frac{1}{10}$  to  $\frac{1}{8}$  premium; but its value is speculative. Central De Kaaps are, we fear, unsaleable at any price. The Don Pedro Gold-Mining Company, Limited, went into voluntary liquidation last February, with the view of being reconstructed under the title "The Santa Anna Gold-Mining Company, Limited." It is an unfortunate affair.

GOLD BONDS.—We consider the 5 per cent. General Mortgage (1887) bonds of the Central of New Jersey Railroad, and also the Lehigh Valley Terminal 5 per cent. First Mortgage (1941) coupon bonds, both first-class bonds. Even in these times they are difficult to get.

MANTICUS.—We think the success of the extreme Silverite Party in America would certainly injure your investments. To give debtors the option of paying their debts in "money or marbles" must injure the securities of creditors. The success of this discreditable party is, in our opinion, unlikely.

S. J. C.—The want of water is the difficulty at Menzies Golden Age (see this week's "Notes"). We think you might venture to buy a few more to average on the chance that the reported "dampness" indicates the near approach to water. If you like to comply with our rules, we will refer you to a respectable broker, who, we think, will charge you less than the commission you name.

JUNIUS.—We are not yet in a position to publish any further information about the fresh newspaper issue. We think the shares will be good. Repeat your inquiry about John Loveys and Sons in a week or two. We still think Burbank's Birthday Gift good. See this week's "Notes" about Menzies Golden Age. We think you might sell the cycle shares you mention. The market is just now inclined to get weaker in cycle shares.

ALPHA.—See last answer. We do not think Mr. Bryan is going to get in, and if he did we do not think it would hurt the Grand Trunk Railway.

CORCAGNIS.—(1) It has been "expected" for some time, but "blessed are they that expect not, for they shall not be disappointed." (2) We cannot say. We should sell. (3 and 4) We do not know. (5) We do not think much of them, but if copper keeps up they may turn out all right. (6) A clever invention and clever directors—a great deal too clever. We would not buy. (7) We do not know it.

A. E. L.—(1) No, we think not. (2) Yes, to a moderate extent as a speculation—not as an investment. (3) Very hazardous.

J. J. G.—(1) See answer to Junius. (2) We think they will probably go better, but at 2 we should sell. (3) The chairman told us to-day the mine was turning out well and would soon be crushing.

H. M.—First two pretty good. We do not much care for third. Of your other list, we should pick Hannan's King, West Australian Goldfields (though rather dear), and South African Gold Trust.

GOLF.—The first thing you mention was brought out by dubious people and did not go very well, but the business carried on, though not first-class, seems fairly remunerative and well managed. Of course, it was over-capitalised. That sort of thing generally is. There is no market in the shares. The second thing you mention is grossly over-capitalised.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that, for the seaside season—which will include the Hastings and St. Leonards Carnival Week, Aug. 24 to 28, and the Cricket Week at Hastings, Sept. 3 to 9—they have arranged for the issue of cheap day tickets for Hastings and St. Leonards, a day excursion every Monday, and a special one on Aug. 26. Cheap week-end and fortnightly tickets are also issued.

The re-opening of the Grand Hall of the Criterion Restaurant, after its elaborate redecoration, was celebrated in very pleasant fashion on Friday evening last. The Directors of the Company of Messrs. Spiers and Pond were at home to their many friends, and the Blue Hungarian Band discoursed sweet music during and after the dinner, to which a large assemblage sat down.